

THE PHYSICIAN'S VISIT.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

It was November. Desolate, soul-chilling rainy, foggy, miserable November. What spirits can support thy weight, weary, dreary, dirty month?

It was night, rainy and foggy: the gas in the streets of the city, burnt as dimly as the lamps at Udolpho, seeming but the ghosts of themselves. The few passengers whom necessity forced into the outward atmosphere became sensible of each other's presence, only through the conviction of concussion, and an ocean of mud covered the granite of our streets, earning to them the well deserved appellation of the Black Sea.

The equipage of Dr. Sutheran had been long striving to make its way through an obscure route of narrow, plebeian streets, towards some unknown point of the compass, seemingly as difficult of attainment as the North Pole. Patiently had Dr. Sutheran sat speculating possibly on some of the pharmacopœian mysteries unknown to our pen; but at length, his chariot wheels ceased to revolve, the sudden check gave likewise a sudden check to his meditations, and he roused himself to share more fairly the dilemma of his servant.

"What now, Adams?"

"There is no getting further, sir. I have almost swallowed the whisp of straw, and here is the street dug up for the sewers."

"I will walk. Inquire for ——"

Adams entered a shop, where the dim light showed that the dignified inhabitant was licensed to sell wholesale and retail, and came back to his master with the perspicuous information, that two turnings to the right, and three turnings to the left, and on a piece, and then down a court and up a lane, and three turnings this way and so many turnings that, and then straight forward, and then two to the right and one to the left, and he would be in ——

Thankful for so luminous a direction particularly on so obscure a night, Dr. Sutheran for a moment paused whether he should proceed or return. We will not say whether compassion or a fee impelled him forward; but certain it is, that a black silk stocking, and a brilliantly black pump, in another moment emerged from the carriage, which, after receiving a dismissal, left the physician standing in the Stygian lake, and having evolved a halo of mud whirled off, leaving its late master to all the horrors of his *dark* fate.

Long did Dr. Sutheran walk. Many were the dark alleys which he explored—many the labyrinths which he threaded; but at length, after a weary wandering, he found that he had gained his desired haven.

It was in consequence of a little note which had been put into his hands that evening at dinner, that Dr. Sutheran had undertaken his present expedition, and as it seems that women hold by charter a tenure for the credit of all mischief done in the world from Adam's days to our own, it may be concluded that this little note was in the hand-writing of a

woman. In fact, the characters were traced in a little feminine hand, and it told simply, but touchingly, that the mother of the writer had been long afflicted with a malady which country practitioners had pronounced incurable, but hearing that Dr. Sutheran had turned his particular attention to this peculiar disorder, and had been eminently successful in the restoration of some distinguished individuals, Helen Lee had brought her suffering mother, from a distant county, in the hope of benefitting from his skill.

Dr. Sutheran knocked at the door of an humble dwelling, to which his inquiries had conducted him. He was admitted, and conducted to a chamber on the second floor.

On a low and humble bed, how different from the downy pillows and luxuriant couches of the affluent!—lay a pale and haggard woman, whom suffering more than time seemed to have hurried into the vale of years. The hollow eye—the wan and sunken cheek—the pale waxen shrivelled lips—O sin, what sorrow is thy fruit!

The lowly bed was hung with a dark, sickly looking drapery, and covered with the same, while on its harsh texture one of the thin attenuated hands of the poor woman was lying. On a finger of that wasted, bony hand, affecting thought! an encircling hoop, the bond and pledge of love. Could this be the same bright, happy creature, who had once been the object of love, of hope, of desire? Alas, mortality!

And of love still the object. Blessed light! that burns in the faithful heart more brightly as misfortune darkens round. Blessed love! that follows us with eyes of fondness when sickness makes us objects of loathing to all the world besides. How different in thy nature from the vain, selfish passion, which men feign!

We have said that this lone and suffering woman was the object of love still. By her bedside a young girl was kneeling, whose aspect and countenance plainly showed that the sufferings of the mind might fully equal those of the body. She was thin almost to attenuation. Thin with care, and anxiety and suffering, and watchfulness. Thin with protracted hopes and delayed fears. Hope or fear deferred, which makes the heart most sick?

She was kneeling by the bedside. Her cheek was very pale, though a vermilion line skirted her eyelid; and the tears, the unbidden, irrepressible tears were streaming with all the violence of youthful feeling—feeling that experience had not had time to blunt or make more difficult of excitation—down on an open page upon which one hand was resting. The other supported a head that was aching and throbbing with its sense of suffering. Her hair, simply parted over her brow, was confined behind without the slightest attention to grace of ornament yet suiting the solemn and sorrowful character of her countenance, was not ungraceful; while the

black dress, coarse in texture, and not unworn in condition, suiting the *ensemble*, gave her somewhat the aspect of a weeping Madonna. The dim light of a faint lamp alone rendered the scene partially visible, leaving it sufficiently obscure in its wretchedness for sadness and imagination; and there Helen Lee knelt with the fast falling tears of a daughter's love, dropping like gems upon the pledges of a father's mercy; for the volume which her hand was pressing, and which she had been striving to read until the tears blinded her sight and choked her utterance, was none other than the sacred word of promise.

Dr. Sutheran entered: he was accustomed to scenes of sorrow, but there was a something so desolate, so forsaken in the scene before him, so different from the grief of the high-born and wealthy, where, if sickness or death comes, there rallies round a hundred sustaining friends, all anxious to press consolation on the survivors, and where even bereavement brings circumstances of occupation, letters, condolences, and that dearest of all dear things, sweet money spending, that grief is often only another name for occupation—a different thing entirely from the deep and awful apprehension which had settled over that lowly chamber.

I have said that Dr. Sutheran entered. At the sound of his footstep Helen rose with agitation. It seemed as though the climax of her destiny were approaching. There are moments when the timid are bold. Helen, bashful and fearful as a child, turned to meet Dr. Sutheran without a remembrance of herself.

"You are, I presume—I hope—Dr. Sutheran."

Dr. Sutheran bowed. His eagle eye had rested for a moment on Helen's kneeling figure and he was now busy in taking in its accompaniments.

Helen motioned to her mother, and again burst into tears.

Is that peculiar rapidity and perspicuity of vision, which distinguishes the medical profession, the effect of a quickened intellect, or a part of education? We know not, but we have observed in nearly all who are of the staff, that one of their rapid, eagle, furtive glances, has comprehended more than a half hour's scrutiny from other eyes.

Dr. Sutheran approached his patient. She was under the influence of Opium, taken to lull the consciousness of pain. Helen might lay aside the compulsion with which she suppressed her fears for her mother lay in too heavy a stupor to be affected by any thing she could say.

With what unutterable, what thrilling anxiety, Helen watched Dr. Sutheran's countenance as he took the withered hand in his own, and proceeded to make himself acquainted with her state. She would not speak—she could have shrieked, but she so subdued herself, that not a sigh escaped her; and she leant towards him, almost devouring him with her large grey eyes, from which the heavy drops were falling, and with a parted lip as palid as her cheek.

A few clear, luminous questions the doctor asked of Helen. She answered him concisely, without a superfluous word, for she had heard that he detested volubility. A few minutes' investigation to his quick eye and clearly organized mind made him

master of all the circumstances of the case needed for him to know. He then turned his eye on Helen. "You are alone?" he asked inquiringly.

"Yes."

"And your father?"

"Is——" Helen's convulsed lip could not utter—"dead;" but her eye glanced down over her mournful attire.

"You must send for some friend to lighten your nursing cares, poor girl, or you will be ill yourself."

Helen's whole soul was in her face. With a burning complexion and upraised hands and eyes, the figure of breathless earnestness, she cried. "Is there hope? May I hope! Can you give me hope!"

The thrilling power of the most passionate feeling was in Helen's voice and eyes, and her agonized expectation made the moment's pause of his reply seem to her interminable. It was but a moment, however, before his deep quick voice clearly and distinctly said—"Yes, *hope*."

The physician himself, who had seen not a little of the world, was startled by the passionate vehemence with which Helen threw herself upon him and embraced his hand. The warm tear glittered on it, and the fond caress passed over it before he could clearly know that he had been so honored. It was but a momentary impulse, but it was like a fresh leaf in life to Dr. Sutheran. He was a reserved and a laconic man, and those who knew him best, seldom approached him with familiarity.

He wrote, however. Helen watched the motion of his pen, but she did not dare to speak even to ask him to forgive her. He rose to retire, and Helen timidly and softly dropped a fee into his hand. She could not speak; it looked so like insult to *pay* for such obligations. The physician looked on his fee, which glittered through his fingers, then on Helen; and then around the room, and it might be, the thought of returning it came across his brain, but the remembrance of Helen's note, written with the orthography and diction of a gentlewoman, gave him the fear that he might wound more than benefit. The hurried movement with which it seemed that he was about to transfer the doubtful gold into his pocket, however, defeated his intention—it dropped through his fingers and rolled on the floor.

"Do not trouble yourself," cried the doctor; "I have not time. I have another patient to visit to-night." And so saying, he hastily left the room.

"I was right," said the doctor, to himself, as he descended the stairs, "it was the last, or she would have offered me another."

"Anastasia, my dear, put on your shawl. That knock—it was the doctor. There, lie down on the couch. No, do not quite lie, it is ungraceful, only recline. Here, dear, take your vinaigrette. Emelia, have that lamp removed, it is too near."

"There is not time, mamma, to summon the servant."

"Then do it yourself. You are unsisterly, Emelia."

Emelia obeyed, but rather dilatorily. "I have a great mind to throw it down," she murmured to herself. "What a delightful hurry we should all be in! But, no, it would seem so awkward; and I have to seem awkward."

So the French lamp, which was flicking too vivid a light, was removed; and the fair Anastasia reclined upon the couch. It is true, that Anastasia was very pretty, and all her adjuncts were so arranged as to enhance that prettiness as much as possible. She was naturally very fair, and it was now her particular desire to be pale also, she had not on a particle rouge, though its presence at other times had left the sallowness which always follows on its use. A low cap—not one of your three-story high caps—but a pretty, modest, cottage cap, laced with pink satin riband, and pink satin strings—*tied*, not *streaming*—a striped white muslin dressing-gown, fastened down with bows—(we like to be particular in the minutæ of ladies' dresses, it is so *important* and so *interesting*;) and black satin slippers candallied with white, completed the equipment of the fair Anastasia St. Vincent.

"That will do," said the fond, the tender, the anxious mother; "that will do charmingly—stay, a book. It looks too much like arrangement not to be occupied. A book, Emelia, a book! The Loves of the Angels! Psha, girl not that! How I wish we had Harvey's Meditations; but here is Mrs. Chaponne, we will make that do, so now —."

And all this for a grave, serious doctor—a fusty, musty, crusty doctor. Ah! but this doctor was not above five-and-thirty, and he had a practice of twelve thousand a year.

Dr. Sutheran entered. Mamma met him at the door with a head surmounted with a cap, and a cap surmounted with bows at least a yard high. Her welcome inundated him with words, but it was doubtful whether or not he heard them, as he walked straight up to Anastasia and her sofa. Anastasia looked soft as—as—Circassian cream; and her few murmured words were sweet as her lyre, and as silvery-rounded. It must have been Dr. Sutheran's want of taste, if he thought they breathed of affection.

Anastasia relinquished the book which she had been *studying*, laying her golden vinaigrette upon the open page, and then daintily presented her soft white hand to the doctor. He felt her pulse, but saw no more of the beauty of that hand than a blind man, or, at least, if he saw, he heeded it as little. He listened with a sort desperate patience to the tender fears of the mother, and the murmured symptoms of the patient. The mother implored him, with a white handkerchief to her eyes, to tell her if there were danger; while the daughter fixed her soft, inquiring, patient eyes upon him, and looked beautiful with all her might.

"Danger! no, certainly; nothing but nerves," said the doctor, "but, however, let me have pen and paper."

"Nothing but nerves!" thought Anastasia, to herself. "What an unfeeling, insensible wretch!"

Mrs. St. Vincent took care that the required pen and paper should not appear too promptly, and employed the interim in persecuting the doctor with civilities. She had doubted at first whether it would be politic to notice his muddy shoes, but decided at length on making them the pretence of additional courtesies; so she took occasion suddenly to perceive them, and to feel great alarm lest Dr. Sutheran's valuable health should be endangered. She offered to his choice and use every possible variety

of stocking, which had even been manufactured, from the coarse knitting days of our antediluvian ancestors to our own, without even implying that they might be too small; but Dr. Sutheran was inflexible, and in spite of her soft solicitude, after waiting for the means of writing nearly as long as tho' he had desired a pen from the Rock's wing, he at length said, and said it like a bear, as Anastasia afterwards affirmed, "Your paper, madam; you do not know the value of my time."

We need not say the implements of writing were not long in forthcoming; after this uncouth speech. The nauseous mixture was soon inscribed, though destined to advance no further in approximation, for Anastasia had no design further to punish herself by approaching her fair lips to any such vile decoction; the doctor had received his fee, and transferred it to his pocket, without the slightest mischance, and, with an inflexion of the body that none but the most observing eyes could have discovered, had left the room.

But mamma had not done with him yet, bear though he was. She followed him down stairs, conducted him into the parlor, and there opened to him the fulness of her maternal heart, implored him to be quite candid, and dwelt upon the manifold perfections of her dear Anastasia as the cause and excuse of her extreme anxiety—so good a daughter, so sweet a disposition, so angelic a temper, etc. etc.

Dr. Sutheran chafed internally; all the relief he afforded to her agonizing solicitude, was comprehended in the brief words, "Madam, your daughter will be as well as yourself in a few days, if she be not now."

Mrs. St. Vincent returned up stairs. "Remember Anastasia, that I cannot afford more than twenty guineas. Ten visits, two guineas a visit. You must make the most of them."

Very different, meanwhile, had been the effect of his visit in that abode of misery which he had last left. Like May he had caused flowers to spring up where he had trod—a simile for which Dr. Sutheran ought to be very much obliged to our pen, considering that he was not particularly remarkable for an elastic foot.

Helen Lee lived again. All her powers rallied—all her strength revived. Dr. Sutheran's word "*hope*," seemed the ægis which was to shield her from her harm, to support her under every exigence.

O happy stage of life! would that we could feel again, but one of thy upspringing thoughts, one of thy bounding hopes, one of thy fearless emotions, one of thy full trusting feelings, one of thy generous confidences! One of thy glowing thoughts were worth a year of the life of him who hath tasted of the tree of knowledge!

And much need was there for Helen Lee's exertions, and nobly did she make them. Nobly, we say, though it was in the mean detail of daily cares poor and trifling in themselves, yet making up the sum of daily comfort, if not of daily happiness. It was Helen, that with sylph-like step hovered round that miserable bed, fruitful in contrivances and resources to make it less miserable. Helen, who supported the aching head, and made the nauseous cup less bitter with the sweetnings of her love. Helen

who could now smile away poverty and want, sickness and sorrow.

Dr. Sutheran's medicine had produced an instantaneous change in the state of his patient. When he entered that obscure apartment on the ensuing day, he saw, at a glance, that a change had passed over its aspect. The neatness of arrangement had materially lessened this dismalness of its poverty, while Helen's glad eyes welcomed him, and consciousness was in the countenance of the sufferer. In spite of the rigidity and reserve of his character, Dr. Sutheran never felt a sweeter emotion than when sitting by that lowly bed with the thankfulness of relieved suffering before him, and followed by the adoring gratitude of Helen's looks.

A faint streak of the fairest sunshine gleamed through the narrow casement, and fell on Helen's figure as she stooped over her mother's pillow, opposite to where Dr. Sutheran sat. The physician's eye took in both patient and attendant, and while looking in the glassy eyes, and feeling the parched hands of the one, a something like comparison glanced across his mind, as the fair image of his fair patient Anastasia presented itself. He thought of the soft affection of the one, and he saw the noble disregard of self displayed in the other. He *had* seen Miss St. Vincent's white hand and pretty foot, her flowing robe, and her cottage cap, for few things escaped the doctor's observation; and he now saw as clearly Helen's simply braided hair, and her serge-like black dress—a garment but one degree removed from poverty.

"And what sort of night?" asked the physician. "No, do not attempt to speak;" for the pale lips of the invalid opened to reply. "You can tell me, perhaps," said he, as he nodded over the bed to Helen.

Helen told him, in her fervent words, that the stupor had not passed away till morning.

"Who watched her?"

"I did," said Helen. "I could not leave my mother in a strange place."

"She never leaves me," murmured the poor sufferer.

"You will disable yourself," said the doctor; "I told you last night to send for some friend."

"We are without friends," said Helen; "the unfortunate have no friends."

"The unfortunate!" repeated the physician.

"Forgive me," said Helen; "I am ungrateful to Heaven and to you. You bid me *"hope,"* and can I call myself unfortunate? I should have said, we are strangers in London."

Dr. Sutheran lingered a moment in silence. Helen thought that he waited for his fee, and she hastened to present his first and second in company together. The doctor, however, laid the two on the table, hastily saying, "We do not take fees from widows, so never mention it again," and before Helen could clearly understand his meaning, he had gone.

It was a fortunate circumstance that our physician did not take fees from widows, for Helen's exertions could scarcely keep pace with her necessities.

Still she sank not, but upborne by the spirit of hope, she was cheerful under a load of bodily fatigue

and destitution, the extent of which she never paused to contemplate.

Day after day did Dr. Sutheran visit the poor widow and her daughter. To Helen his visits were as the golden moments of life. All that he said became to her the hoarded treasury of memory,—and let men say what they will, the memory of some hearts is sweet, aye, even sweeter than their hopes.

Dr. Sutheran too, learned to unbend. Reader, take it on our philosophy that the rigid without, are seldom the austere within. The aspect is only one of those natural deceptions which nature innocently assumes to hide its own sensibilities. The heart veils itself from the gaze of the unfeeling, because its feelings are too proud for exposure, too delicate for sympathy.

Dr. Sutheran knew that he was repulsive, knew it while she continued the habit, for we have said it was the disguise under which his softer nature hid itself. It was his torment, for the softness of that nature required sympathy which its own repulsive veil forever distanced.

But Helen's nature, on the contrary, was all fresh, all open, undisguised. Her mother had been long a sufferer, and Helen through her girlhood had been chained to her sick pillow. Their little family had resided in a distant county in comparative competence, until some twelve months back, when on her father's sudden death, their income had died with him, and Helen was left to struggle with poverty, and to maintain her parent.

That parent was to Helen's affectionate heart its all. She had never through her life left her for a day; scarcely for an hour and that she should die! O death, thou art the crowning curse!

She had exhausted the medical skill of their country vicinity, when the hope of Dr. Sutheran's skill was suggested to her. Helen had decision. She immediately converted their household treasure into money; had her mother conveyed on board of ship: endured a suffering voyage; entered the city as a stranger; and sent to Dr. Sutheran.

Through all this Helen's trusting hope had borne her, but when, through an aching day and night, she had watched her mother lying in stupefaction, unable to exchange a word of sympathy, without a human being to feel interested in her sufferings, and alone in a vast and inhospitable place, then Helen's heart gave way, and despair was fast possessing her soul, when Dr. Sutheran's *"hope"* anew inspired her.

He had given her back her parent from the grave, as far as human means can act under the divine will; that parent who could now smile upon her, talk with her, and enter into her plans and hopes; and Helen loved him, innocently and gratefully loved him, as the kindest and greatest of human beings.

It was sweet to be loved. Love, the highest and dearest gift of the Deity. It is sweet in every change, at every time, in every place. Sweet from all and to all. O, disgusting feignings, what are ye to the light and true affection, though it beam in the eye of an infant, without interchange of intellect, and resting only on the divinity of its emanation. Of an infant said we, aye, even in the caress of a dog it is sweet.

To Dr. Sutherland the consciousness was precious. He carried about with him an acme of happiness which he had never known before. Helen's eyes, her age, her large, full, trusting, loving, innocent eyes, followed him wherever he went, and our physician was *happy*. All the world had respected Dr. Sutherland. Thousands had done justice to his talents, but it was the first time, he had known how very sweet it was to be disinterestedly loved. He could even smile at Anastasia and her folly, and sympathise with Mrs. St. Vincent's maternal fears.

It was at this period that that dreadful scourge which ravaged not only Europe, but most of the portions of the earth where man has fixed his dwelling, burst out among ourselves in its most fearful violence. Dr. Sutherland was one of those philanthropic men who had offered to incur the hazard of its investigation, in that place where its virulence was the most fearful, its form the most terrific.

It was needful that these patriot men—patriots not to their country, but to their species—should be culled from those most distinguished in talent; it seemed to be a costlier sacrifice, but 'verily they had their reward.' At the time when Dr. Sutherland had made his offer of service, he had not paid his final visit to the solitary dwelling of Helen Lee; in the interim arrangements had been making; they were now completed, and the physician proceeded to pay that visit, which might haply be his last.

Their little apartment was arranged with even more than its ordinary care. Helen's mother looked more grateful, Helen more happy. We have said that our physician had unbent in his intercourse with Helen, and the consequence was, that Helen had forgotten all her awe, her fear, her reserve towards him. There was something in her open-hearted innocent confidence, so cheering, so amusing, from the aching study of his life, that he had insensibly learnt to think that his chatting with Helen was the relieving sensation of his existence. Independent of her grateful affection there was a raciness in the natural suggestions of her unsophisticated thoughts which carried a peculiar charm to his philosophical and somewhat metaphysical mind.

On this day it would not have displeased him to have found Helen sad. On the contrary she was gay. She smiled in his face, and told him he was grave.

He denied the charge.

"Then worse, Dr. Sutherland,—you are sorrowful."

"No, Helen, no."

"No, doctor no. You may be grave and even sorrowful in every place in the wide world, but never here, never in this little room. At balls, and banquets, and in palaces, but never in our little chamber. O, how I should like to be rich, and then, I would build such a beautiful temple over this place and dedicate it to you, as the ancients used to do to their heroes."

"You little heathen."

"O I don't mind you calling me names; but no, I would not change this dear room. I would not move an article of furniture. I would keep it all precisely as it is, to remind me where you have

been, and what you had done. But I think I should like to be rich too, but then you must be poor, or else it would be of no use."

"Would it not be as well, Helen, for me to be rich?"

"No, not quite, because then I could give you nothing."

"Might I not give to you? Would not that be the same?"

"No," said Helen, "no. It would be such a delightful thing to make presents to you. And yet," surely the thought was womanly, "perhaps you are so proud that you would rather *give*. You would not have the kindness to *take*. It is only women who have affection enough to be the inferior. So it is better perhaps as it is,"—and Helen breathed a discontented sigh.

"Perhaps it is better, Helen, as it is," replied Dr. Sutherland, "but remember that affection knows no inferiority, and now tell me, could you be content to take? Be candid, my little Helen."

Helen felt instantly that Dr. Sutherland was forsaken imaginary ground for their real position. Her cheek flushed as she said, "Would you place me on ground upon which you would not stand yourself? Unkind Dr. Sutherland!" And she tried to speak playfully.

"Unkind Helen," responded Dr. Sutherland, in a reproachful tone; "and more than unkind thus to embitter my farewell visit."

"Helen's face turned from the deepest crimson to the deadliest white. She arose and left the room."

Dr. Sutherland kindly and calmly repeated to Mrs. Lee all those directions which he thought might conduce to her final re-establishment. He told her that he should be absent for a time; as he was going a journey, but that she should hear from him again on his return; and he took his leave.

Dr. Sutherland had carefully concealed from Helen the nature of his absence. He wished not to prove her feelings by her misery. He wished to save her from all anxiety.

Our physician went home and wrote a codicil to his will. He would gladly have saved her from present toil, Helen's interdict did not reach the future.

Dr. Sutherland's hope was futile. Helen saw in a public paper the nature of his expedition; saw his name, his talents, his philanthropy, his self-immolation, lauded to the skies.

From that hour Helen's energy had gone. Her soul withered, her spirit died within her. She thought of that one word "*hope*," but it was only to loathe a feeling that she could not feel.

Pale, sickly days succeeded to each other. Her duties round her mother were performed mechanically; but where was the buoyancy that had once lightened them.

Helen was sitting by the lonely window. She was working. It was for their subsistence.

"Cease, my dear Helen," said her mother; "the light is too dim. You will blind yourself."

Helen knew it, and it was therefore that she dared not to weep. Not weep even for him, lest she should see her mother starve. How are we governed!

Her head drooped upon her hand. She was liv-

ing in the past, and probably the din of battle would not have aroused her, when an indistinct sound, a measured footfall, that to indifferent ears would have been scarcely audible, struck not on her ear alone, but on her heart. The blood rushed to its strong hold in eddying whirls, the brain reeled—Helen felt and knew that Dr. Sutheran had returned.

Women are strange compounds. A month ago Helen would almost have thrown herself into his arms. Now she knew that she loved him, and with that sudden hypocrisy, that it may be delicacy teaches, she controlled her deep delight, her passion of joy, and was in a miraculously little time prepared to receive him with an indifference that would have disgraced the commonest acquaintance.

Had Dr. Sutheran had time to see that frigid indifference, he might have doubted Helen's affection and suppressed his own. Happily they had for a time exchanged characters. The cold, the austere, physician, abandoning himself to his happiness, took Helen's hand within his own and in a voice of unutterable affection, said, "Welcome me, *my* Helen. You who have been so good a daughter, will not as a wife be less precious. *Be mine!*"

THE PRIVATE PLAY,

AND A PARTY IN CONFUSION.

Most extensive were the preparation, at Rose Villa Clapham Rise, in the occupation of Mr. Gattleton (a stock broker in especially comfortable circumstances), and great was the anxiety of Mr. Gattleton's interesting family, as the day fixed for the representation of the Private Play, which had been "many months in preparation," approached. The whole family was infected with the mania for Private Theatricals; the house, usually so clean and tidy, was, to use Mr. Gattleton's expressive description "regularly turned out o' windows:" the large dining room, dismantled of it's furniture and ornaments, presented a strange jumble of flats, flies, wings, lamps, bridges, clouds, thunder and lightning, festoons and flowers, daggers and foil, and all the other messes which in theatrical slang are included under the comprehensive name of "properties." The bed-rooms were crowded with scenery, the kitchen was occupied by carpenters. Rehearsals took place every other night in the drawing room, and every sofa in the house was more or less damaged by the perseverance and spirit with which Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and Miss Eucina, rehearsed the smothering scene in "Othello"—it having been determined that that tragedy should form the first portion of the evening's entertainments.

"When we're a *leettle* more perfect, I think it will go off admirably," said Mr. Sempronius, addressing his *corps dramatique*, at the conclusion of the hundred and fiftieth rehearsal. In consideration of his sustaining the trifling inconvenience of bearing all the expenses of the play, Mr. Sempronius had been in the most handsome manner unanimously elected stage manager. "Evans," continued Mr. Gattleton, jun., addressing a tall, thin, pale young gentleman, with extensive whiskers—"Evans, upon my word you play *Roderigo* beautifully."

"Beautifully?" echoed the three Miss Gattletons; for Mr. Evans was pronounced by all his lady-friends to be "quite a dear." He looked so interesting and had such lovely whiskers, to say nothing of his talent in albums and playing the flute! The interesting *Roderigo* simpered and bowed.

"But I think," added the manager, "you are hardly perfect in the—fall—in the fencing scene, where you are—you understand?"

"It's very difficult," said Mr. Evans, thoughtfully: "I've fallen about a good deal in our counting house lately for practice; only it hurts one so. Being obliged to fall backwards, you see, it bruises one's head a good deal."

"But you must take care you don't knock a wing down," said Mr. Gattleton, sen., who had been appointed prompter, and who took as much interest in the play as the youngest of the company. "The stage is very narrow, you know."

"Oh! don't be afraid," said Mr. Evans, with a very self-satisfied air; "I shall fall with my head 'off,' and then I can't do any harm."

"But, egad!" said the manager, rubbing his hands, "we shall make a decided hit in '*Masanicello*.' Harfield sings that admirably."

Every body echoed the sentiment. Mr. Harfield smiled, and looked foolish,—not an unusual thing with him—hummed "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," and blushed as red as the fisherman's night cap he was trying on.

"Let's see," resumed the manager, telling the number on his fingers, we shall have three dancing female peasants, besides *Fenella* and four fishermen. Then there's our man Tom, he can have a pair of ducks of mine, and a check shirt of Bob's and a red night cap, and he'll do for another—that's five. In the chorusses, of course, we can all sing 'at the sides, and in the market-scene we can walk about in cloaks and things. When the revolt takes place, Tom must keep rushing in on one side and out at the other, with a pick-axe, as fast as he can. The effect will be electricial; 'twill look just as if there were a great number of 'em: and in the eruption scene we must burn the red fire, and upset the tea trays, and hallo and make all sorts of noises—and it's sure to do."

"Sure! sure!" cried all the performers *una voce*—and away hurried Mr. Sempronius Gattleton to wash the burnt cork off his face, and superintend the "setting up" of some of the amateur painted and never-sufficiently-to-be-admired scenery.

Mrs. Gattleton was a kind, good tempered, vulgar old soul, exceedingly fond of her husband and children, and entertaining only three dislikes. In the first place, she had a natural antipathy to any body else's unmarried daughters; in the second, she was in bodily fear of any thing in the shape of ridicule; and, lastly, almost a necessary consequence of this feeling—she regarded with feelings of the utmost horror "Mrs. Joseph Porter, over the way." However, the good folks of Clapham and its vicinity stood very much in awe of scandal and sarcasm; and thus Mrs. Joseph Porter was courted and flattered, and caressed, and invited, for very much the same reason that a poor author without a farthing in his pocket behaves with the most extraordinary civility to a two-penny postman.

"Never mind, Ma," said Miss Emma Porter, in colloquy with her respected relative, and trying to look unconcerned; "if they had invited me, you know that neither you nor Pa would have allowed me to take part in such an exhibition."

"Just what I should have thought from your high sense of propriety," returned the mother. "I am glad to see, Emma, you know how to designate the proceeding." Miss P., by-the-by, had only the week before made an "exhibition" of herself for four days, behind a counter at a fancy fair, to all and every of his Majesty's liege subjects who were disposed to pay a shilling each for the privilege of seeing some four dozen girls flirting with strangers and playing at shop.

"There!" said Mrs. Porter, looking out of the

without; "there are two rounds of beef and a ham going in, clearly for sandwiches; and Thomas, the pastry-cook, says there have been twelve dozen tarts ordered, besides blanc-mange and jellies. Upon my word! think of the Miss Gattletons in fancy dresses, too!"

"Oh, it's too ridiculous," said Miss Porter, with a sort of hysterical chuckle.

"I'll manage to put them a little out of conceit with the business, however," said Mrs. Porter; and out she went on her charitable errand.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Gattleton," said Mrs. Joseph Porter—after they had been closeted for some time, and when by dint of indefatigable pumping, she had managed to extract all the news about the play; "well, my dear, people may say what they please; indeed, we know they will, for some folks are so ill-natured. Ah, my dear Miss Lucina, how dy'e do—I was just telling your mama that I have heard it said, that——"

"What?" inquired the *Desdemona*.

"Mrs. Porter is alluding to the play, my dear," said Mrs. Gattleton; "she was, I am sorry to say, just informing me that——"

"Oh, now, pray don't mention it," interrupted Mrs. Porter; "it's most absurd—quite as absurd as young what's-his-name saying he wondered how Miss Caroline, with such a foot and ankle, could have the vanity to play *Fenella*."

"Highly impertinent, whoever said it," said Mrs. Gattleton, bristling up.

"Certainly, my dear," chimed in the delighted Mrs. Porter; "most undoubtedly. Because, as I said, if Miss Caroline *does* play *Fenella*, it doesn't follow, as a matter of course, that she should think she has a pretty foot; and then such puppies as these young men are; he had the impudence to say that——"

How far the amiable Mrs. Porter might have succeeded in her pleasant purpose it is impossible to say, had not the entrance of Mr. Thomas Balderstone, Mrs. Gattleton's brother, familiarly called in the family "Uncle Tom," changed the course of conversation, and suggested to her mind an excellent plan of operation on the evening of the play.

Uncle Tom was very rich, and exceedingly fond of his nephews and nieces; as a matter of course, therefore, he was an object of great importance in his own family. He was one of the best hearted men in existence; always in a good temper, and always talking. It was his boast that he wore top-boots on all occasions, and had never mounted a black silk neck-kerchief; and it was his pride, that he remembered all the principal plays of Shakespeare from beginning to end—and so he did. The result of this parrot-like accomplishment was, that he was not only perpetually quoting himself, but that he could never sit by and hear a mis-quotation from "The Swan of Avon," without setting the unfortunate delinquent right. He was also something of a wag: never missed an opportunity of saying what he considered a good thing, and invariably laughed till he cried at anything that appeared to him mirth-moving or ridiculous.

"Well, girls, well," said Uncle Tom, after the preparatory ceremony of kissing and how-dy'e-doing had been gone through—"how dy'e get on? Know your parts, eh?—Lucina, my dear, act 2,

scene 1—place, left—cue——'Unknown fate,'—What's next, ha?—Go on——'The heavens——,'

"Oh, yes," said Miss Lucina, "I recollect——"

"The heavens forbid

But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow."

"Make a pause here and there," said the old gentleman, who was a great critic in his own estimation. 'But that our loves and comfort should increase'—emphasis on the last syllable, 'crease,' loud 'even'—one, two, three, four; then loud again, 'as our days do grow;' emphasis on . That's the way, my dear; trust to your uncle for emphasis. Ah! Sem, my boy, how are you?"

"Very well, thanky'e uncle," returned Mr. Sempronius, who had just appeared, looking something like a ring-dove, with a small circle round each eye, the result of his constant corking. "Of course we see you on Thursday."

"Of course, of course, my dear boy,"

"What a pity it is, your nephew didn't think of making you prompter, Mr. Balderstone," whispered Mrs. Joseph Porter; "you would have been invaluable."

"Well, I flatter myself, I *should* have been tolerably up to the thing," responded Uncle Tom.

"I must bespeak sitting next you on the night," resumed Mrs. Porter; "and then, if our dear young friends here should be at all wrong, you will be able to enlighten me. I shall be so interested."

"I am sure I shall be most happy to give any assistance in my power, mem."

"Mind, it's a bargain."

"Certainly."

"I don't know how it is," said Mrs. Gattleton to her daughters, as they were sitting round the fire in the evening, looking over their parts, "but I really very much wish Mrs. Joseph Porter wasn't coming on Thursday. I am sure she's scheming something."

"She can't make us ridiculous, however," observed Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, haughtily.

The long looked for Thursday arrived in due course, and brought with it, as Mr. Gattleton, sen. philosophically observed, "no disappointments, to speak of." True, it was yet a matter of doubt whether *Cassio* would be enabled to get into the dress which had been sent for him from the masquerade warehouse. It was equally uncertain whether the principal female singer would be sufficiently recovered from the influenza to make her appearance; Mr. Harfield, the Masaniello of the night, was hoarse, and rather unwell, in consequence of the great quantity of lemon and sugar-candy he had eaten to improve his voice; and two flutes and a violoncello had pleaded severe colds. What of that? the audience were all coming. Every body knew his part; the dresses were covered with tinsel and spangles; the white plumes looked beautiful; Mr. Evans had practised falling, till he was bruised from head to foot, and quite perfect; and *Iago* was quite sure that, in the stabbing scene, he should make "a decided hit." A self-taught deaf gentleman, who had kindly offered to bring his flute, would be a most valuable addition to the orchestra; Miss Jenkin's talent for the piano was too well known to be doubted for an instant; Mr. Cape had practised the violin accompaniment with her fre-

quently and Mr. Brown, who had kindly undertaken at a few hours' notice, to bring his violoncello, would, no doubt, manage extremely well. Seven o'clock came, and so did the audience; all the rank and fashion of Clapham and its vicinity was fast filling the theatre. There were the Smiths, the Stubbs's, the Halfpennys, the Gubbins's, the Nixons, the Dixons, the Hicksons, people with all sorts of names, two aldermen, a sheriff in perspective, Sir Thomas Glunper (who had been knighted in the last reign for carrying up an address on somebody's escaping from something); and last, not least, there were Mrs. Joseph Porter and Uncle Tom, seated in the centre of the third row from the stage; Mrs. P. amusing Uncle Tom, with all sorts of stories, and Uncle Tom amusing every one else by laughing most immoderately.

Ting, ting, ting! went the prompter's bell at eight o'clock precisely; and dash went the orchestra into the overture to "The Men of Prometheus." The pianoforte player hammered away with the most laudable perseverance; and the violoncello, which struck in at intervals, "sounded very well, considering." The unfortunate individual, however, who had undertaken to play the flute accompaniment "at sight," found, from fatal experience, the perfect truth of the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind;" for being very near-sighted, and being placed at a considerable distance from his music book, all he had an opportunity of doing was to play a bar now and then in the wrong place, and put the other performers out. It is, however, but justice to Mr. Brown to say that he did this to admiration. The overture, in fact, was not unlike a race between the different instruments; the piano came in first by several bars, and the violoncello next, quite distancing the poor flute; for the deaf gentleman *too-too'd* away, quite unconscious that he was at all wrong, until apprised, by the applause of the audience, that the overture was concluded. A considerable bustling and shuffling of feet was then heard upon the stage, accompanied by whispers of, "Here's a pretty go!—what's to be done?" &c. The audience applauded again, by way of raising the spirits of the performers; and then Mr. Sempronius desired the prompter, in a very audible voice, to "clear the stage, and ring up."

Ting, ting, ting! went the bell again. Every body sat down; the curtain shook, rose sufficiently high to display several pair of yellow boots paddling about, and there it remained.

Ting, ting, ting! went the bell again. The curtain was violently convulsed, but rose no higher; the audience tittered; Mrs. Porter looked at Uncle Tom, and Uncle Tom looked at every body, rubbing his hands, and laughing with perfect rapture. After as much ringing with the little bell as a muffin boy would make in going down a tolerably long street, and a vast deal of whispering, hammering, and calling for nails and cord, the curtain at length rose, and discovered Mr. Sempronius Gattleton *solus*, and decked for *Othello*. After three distinct rounds of applause, during which Mr. Sempronius applied his right hand to his left breast, and bowed in the most approved manner, the manager advanced, and said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I assure you it is with sincere regret, that I regret to be compelled to in-

form you, that *Iago*, who was to have played Mr. Wilson—I beg your pardon, Ladies and Gentlemen; but I am naturally somewhat agitated (applause); I mean, Mr. Wilson, who was to have played *Iago*, is—that is, has been—or, in other words, Ladies and Gentlemen, the fact is, that I have just received a note, in which I am informed that *Iago* is unavoidably detained at the Post-office this evening. Under these circumstances, I trust—a—a—amateur performance—a—another gentleman undertaken to read the part—request indulgence for a short time, courtesy and kindness of a British audience." (Overwhelming applause. Exit Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and curtain falls.)

The audience were, of course, exceedingly good humored; the whole business was a joke! and accordingly they waited for an hour with the utmost patience, being enlivened by an interlude of rout-cakes and lemonade. It appeared by Mr. Sempronius's subsequent explanation, that the delay would not have been so great, had it not so happened that when the substitute *Iago* had finished dressing, and just as the play was on the point of commencing, the original *Iago* unexpectedly arrived. The former was, therefore, compelled to undress, and the latter to dress for his part, which as he found some difficulty in getting into his clothes, occupied no inconsiderable time. At last the tragedy began in earnest. It went off well enough, until the third scene of the first act, in which *Othello* addresses the Senate, the only remarkable circumstance being, that as, *Iago* could not get on any of the stage boots, in consequence of his feet being violently swelled with the heat and excitement, he was under the necessity of playing the part in a pair of common hesians, which contrasted rather oddly with his richly embroidered pantaloons. When *Othello* started with his address to the Senate (whose dignity was represented by, the *Duke*, a carpenter; two men; engaged on the recommendation of the gardener; and a boy); Mrs. Porter found the opportunity she so anxiously sought.

Mr. Sempronius proceeded—

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true:—rude am I in my speech—"

"Is that right?" whispered Mrs. Porter to Uncle Tom.

"No."

"Tell him so, then."

"I will. Sem!" called out Uncle Tom "that's wrong, my boy."

"What's wrong, Uncle?" demanded *Othello*, quite forgetting the dignity of his situation.

"You've left out something. 'True I have married—'"

"Oh, ah!" said Mr. Sempronius, endeavoring to hide his confusion as much and as ineffectually as the audience attempted to conceal their half-suppressed tittering, by coughing with the most extraordinary violence—

—"true I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more."

(*Aside*). "Why don't you prompt, father?"

"Because I've mislaid my spectacles," said

poor Mr. Gattleton, almost dead with the heat and bustle.

"There, now, it's 'rude am I,' said Uncle Tom."

"Yes, I know it is," returned the unfortunate manager, proceeding with his part.

It would be useless and tiresome to quote the number of instances in which Uncle Tom, now completely in his element, and instigated by the mischievous Mrs. Porter, corrected the mistakes of the performers; suffice it to say, that having once mounted his hobby, nothing could induce him to dismount; so, during the whole of the remainder of the play, he performed a sort of running accompaniment, by muttering every body's part, as it was being delivered, in an under tone. The audience were highly amused, Mrs. Porter delighted, the performers embarrassed; Uncle Tom never was better pleased in his life; and Uncle Tom's nephews and nieces had never, although the declared heirs to his large property, so heartily wished him gathered to his fathers as on that memorable occasion. Several other minor causes, too, united to damp the ardour of the *dramatis personæ*. None of the performers could walk in their tights, or move their arms in their jackets; the pantaloons were too small, the boots too large, and the swords of all shapes and sizes. Mr. Evans, naturally too tall for the scenery wore a black velvet hat with immense white plumes, the glory of which was lost in "the flies;" and the only other inconvenience of which was, that when it was off his head he could not put it on and when it was on he couldn't take it off. Notwithstanding all his practice, too, he fell with his head and shoulders as neatly through one of the side scenes, as a harlequin would jump through a pannel in a Christmas pantomime. The piano forte player, overpowered by the extreme heat of the room, faint-

ed away at the commencement of the entertainments, leaving the music of "Masaniello" to the flute and violoncello. The orchestra complained that Mr. Harfield put them out, and Mr. Harfield declared that the orchestra prevented his singing at all. The fishermen, who were hired for the occasion, revolted to the very life, positively refusing to play without an increased allowance of spirits; and their demand being complied with, they got drunk in the eruption scene as naturally as possible. The red fire which was burnt at the conclusion of the second act not only nearly suffocated the audience, but they narrowly escaped setting the house on fire as it was, the remainder of the piece was acted in a thick fog. In short, the whole affair was, as Mrs. Joseph Porter triumphantly told every body "a complete failure." The audience went home at four o'clock in the morning, exhausted with laughter, suffering from severe head aches, and smelling terribly of brimstone and gunpowder. The Messrs. Gattleton, senior, and junior, retired to rest with a vague idea of emigrating to Swan River early in the ensuing week.

Rose Villa has once again resumed its wonted appearance: the dining-room furniture has been replaced; the tables are as nicely polished as formerly; the horse hair chairs are ranged against the wall as regularly as ever: and Venitian blinds have been fitted to every window in the house, to intercept the prying gaze of Mrs. Joseph Porter. The subject of theatricals is now never mentioned in the Gattleton family, unless, indeed by Uncle Tom, who cannot refrain from sometimes expressing his surprise and regret at finding that his nephews and nieces appear to have lost the relish they once possessed for the beauties of Shakspeare and quotations from the works of the immortal bard.

THE PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.**A TALE OF THE DEEP.**

In the year 1830, said Captain Miller, I was bound in a fine stout ship of about 800 tons burthen, from the port of Philadelphia to Liverpool. The ship had a valuable cargo on board, and about nineteen thousand dollars in specie. I had been prevented, by other business from giving much of my attention to the vessel while loading and equipping for the voyage, but was very particular in my directions to the chief mate in whom I had great confidence, as he had sailed with me for some years, to avoid entering, if possible, any but native American seamen. When we were about to sail he informed me that he had not been able to comply with my directions entirely in this particular; but had shipped two foreigners as seamen, one a native of Guernsey, and the other a Frenchman, from Brittany. I was pleased, however, with the appearance of the crew generally, and particularly with the foreigners. They were both stout and able bodied men, and were particularly active and attentive to orders.

The passage commenced auspiciously, and promised to be a speedy one, as we took a fine steady westerly wind soon after we left soundings. To my great sorrow and uneasiness, I soon discovered a change in their conduct for the worse. They became insolent to the mates, and appeared frequently to be under the influence of liquor, and had evidently an undue influence over the rest of the men. Their intemperance soon became intolerable and as it was evident they had liquor on board with them, I determined on searching the fore-castle and depriving them of it. An order to this effect was given to the mates, and they were directed to go about its execution mildly and firmly, taking no arms with them as they were inclined to do, but to give every berth, chest and locker in the fore-castle a thorough examination, and bring aft to the cabin any spirits they might find.

It was not without much anxiety that I sent them forward upon this duty. I remained upon the quarter deck myself, ready to go to their aid should it be necessary; in a few moments a loud and angry dispute was succeeded by a sharp scuffle around the fore-castle companion-way. The steward at my call handed my loaded pistols from the cabin, and with them I hastened forward. The Frenchman had grappled the second mate who was a mere lad, by the throat, thrown him across the heel of the bowsprit, and was apparently determined to strangle him to death. The chief mate was calling for assistance from below, where he was assailed by the Guernsey man. The rest of the crew were indifferent spectators, but rather encouraging the foreigners than otherwise. I presented a pistol at the head of the Frenchman, and ordered him to release the second mate, which he instantly did. I then ordered him into the foretop, and the others who were near, into the maintop, none to come down under pain of death, until ordered. The

steward by this time brought another pair of pistols with which I armed the second mate, directing him to remain on deck and went below into the fore-castle myself. I found that the chief mate had been slightly wounded in two places by the knife of his antagonist, who, however, ceased to resist as I made my appearance, and we immediately secured him in irons. The search was now made, and a quantity of liquor found and taken to the cabin. The rest of the men were then called down from the tops, and the Frenchman was made the companion of his coadjutor's confinement. I then expostulated at some length with the others upon their improper conduct, and upon the readiness with which they had suffered themselves to be drawn into such courses by two rascally foreigners, and expressed hopes that I should have no reason for further complaints during the rest of the voyage. This remonstrance I thought had effect, as they appeared contrite and promised amendment. They were then dismissed, and order was restored.

The next day the foreigners strongly solicited pardon with the most solemn promises of future good conduct; and as the rest of the crew joined in their request, I ordered that their irons should be taken off. For several days the duties of the ship were performed to my entire satisfaction; but I discovered in the countenances of the foreigners, expressions of deep rancorous animosity to the chief mate, who was a prompt energetic seaman, requiring from the sailors at all times ready and implicit obedience to his orders.

A week passed over in this way, when one night, in the mid watch, all hands were called to shorten sail. On ordinary occasions, of this kind, the duty was conducted by the mate, but I now went upon the fore-castle. The night was dark and squally; but the sea was not high, and the ship was running off at about nine knots, with the wind on the star-board quarter. The weather being very unpromising, the second reef was taken in the fore main topsails, the mizen handed, and the fore and mizen topgallant yards sent down. This done, one watch was permitted to go below and I prepared to betake myself to my berth, directing that the mate, to whom I wished to give some orders should be sent to me. To my utter astonishment and consternation, word was brought to me after a short time, that he was nowhere to be found. I hastened upon deck, ordered all hands up again, and questioned every man in the ship upon the subject; but they, with one accord declared that they had not seen him forward. Lanterns were then brought, and every accessible part of the ship unavailingly searched. I then, in the hearing of the whole crew, declared my belief that he must have fallen overboard accidentally, again dismissed one watch below and repaired to the cabin in a state of mental agitation impossible to be described. For notwithstanding the opinion which I had expressed to the contrary, I could not but en-

certain a strong suspicion that the unfortunate man had met a violent death.

The second mate was a protegee of mine, and as I before observed, a very young man of not much experience as a seamen. I therefore felt that, under critical circumstances, my main support had fallen from me. It is needless to add, that a deep sense of forlornness and insecurity was the result of these reflections.

My first step was to load and deposit in my state room all the fire-arms on board, amounting to several muskets and four pair of pistols. The steward was a faithful mulatto man, who had sailed with me several voyages. To him I communicated my suspicions, and directed him to be constantly on the alert, and should any further difficulty with the crew occur, to repair immediately to my state-room and arm himself. His usual berth was in the steerage, but I further directed that he should on the following morning, clear out and occupy one in the cabin near my room. The second mate occupied a small state-room opening into the passage which led from the steerage to the cabin. I called him from the deck gave him a pair of loaded pistols, with orders to keep them in his berth; and during the night watches on deck, never to go forward of the mainmast but to continue as constantly as possible near the companion way, and call me upon the slightest occasion. After this I laid down in my bed, ordering that I should be culled at four o'clock for the morning watch. Only a few moments had elapsed when I heard three or four knocks under the counter of the ship, which is that part of the stern immediately under the cabin windows. In a minute or two they were distinctly repeated. I arose, opened the window, and called. The mate answered. I gave him the end of a rope to assist him up; and never shall I forget the flood of gratitude which my delighted soul poured forth to that Being who had restored him to me uninjured. His story was soon told. He had gone forward upon being ordered by me, after the calling of all hands, and had barely reached the fore-castle, when he was seized by the two foreigners, and before he could utter more than one cry, which was drowned in the roaring of the winds and waves, he was thrown over the bow. He was a powerful man and an expert swimmer. The topsails of the ship were clewed down to reef, and her way of course considerably lessened—and in an instant he found an end of a rope, which was accidentally towing overboard, within his grasp, by which he dragged into the dead water or eddy that is always created under the stern of a vessel, particularly if she is full built and deeply laden; as was the case with this. By a desperate effort he caught one of the rudder chains, which was very low, and drew himself by it upon the step or jog of the rudder, where he had sufficient presence of mind to remain without calling out, until the light had ceased to shine through the cabin windows, when he concluded the search for him was over. He then made the signal to me.

No being in the ship but myself, was apprised of his safety, for the gale had increased and completely drowned the sounds of the knocking, opening the window, &c., before they could reach the quarter deck, and there was no one in the cabin but our-

selves, the steward having retired to his berth in the steerage.

It was at once resolved that the second mate alone should be informed of his existence. He immediately betook himself to a large vacant state-room, and for the remainder of the passage, all his wants were attended to by me. Even the steward was allowed to enter the cabin as seldom as possible.

Nothing of note occurred during the remainder of the voyage, which was prosperous. It seemed that the foreigners had only become actuated by revenge in the violence they had committed; for nothing further was attempted by them. In due season we took a pilot in the channel, and in a day or two we entered the port of Liverpool. As soon as proper arrangements were made we commenced warping the ship into the dock, and while engaged in this operation, the mate appeared on deck, went forward and attended to his duties as usual. A scene occurred which is beyond description; every feature of it is as vivid in my imagination as though it occurred yesterday and will be to my latest breath. The warp dropped from the paralyzed hands of the horror-stricken sailors, and had it not been taken up by some boatmen on board I should have been compelled to anchor again and procure assistance from the shore. Not a word was uttered, but the two guilty wretches staggered to the mainmast, where they remained petrified with horror, until the officer, who had been sent for, approached to take them into custody. They then seemed in a measure, to be recalled to a sense of their appalling predicament, and uttered the most piercing expressions of lamentation and despair.

They were soon tried, and upon the testimony of the mate, capitally convicted and executed.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.

BY MISS MITFORD.

In a winding unfrequented road, on the south side of our village, close to a low, two-arched bridge, thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood a small irregular dwelling, and the picturesque building of Hatherford Mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon, was that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage covered with clustering Pyracantha, and the clear brook, which after dashing and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river, while pent up in the mill stream, was no sooner let loose, than it subsided into its natural peaceful character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in.

Many a traveller has stayed his steps to admire the old buildings of Hatherford Mill, backed by its dark orchard, especially when its accompanying figures, the jolly miller, sitting before the door, pipe in mouth, and jug in hand, like one of Teniers' boors, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulders, carefully descending the out-of-doors steps, and the miller's daughter, flitting about amongst her poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.

The scenery at the other side of the road was equally attractive, in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, and old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of witch-elms, in front of the porch, a suburb of out-buildings behind, and an old-fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower borders, and its close filbert-walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawberry beds, sloping into the very stream; so that the cows, which in sultry weather, came down by twos, and by threes, from the opposite meadows, to cool themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

In my mind, that was the pleasanter scene of the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten passers-by never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would be sure to limit the commendation by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in her absence, and no sooner did she appear, than even her critics felt the power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and all, the unrivalled brilliancy of coloring, that made Katy's face, with all its faults, so pleasant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like

the pearl, her namesake, "on the side that's next the sun," were relieved by rich curls of brown hair, of the deep yet delicate hue that one sometimes finds in the ripest and latest hazel nut of the season. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round, short, and child-like; and to this "a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing pleasing tongue," and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.

But gay and smiling though she were, the fair maid of the mill was little accessible to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the very apple of his eye, kept her carefully away from the rustic junketings, at which rural flirtations are usually begun. Accordingly, our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen, without a lover. She had indeed had two offers; one from a dashing horse-dealer, who having seen her for five minutes one day, when her father called her to admire a nag that he was cheapening, proposed for her that very night as they were chafing about the price; and took the refusal in such dudgeon, that he would have left the house utterly inconsolable, had he not contrived to comfort himself by cheating the offending papa, twice as much as he intended, in his horse-bargain. The other proffer was from a stayed, thick, sober, silent, middle-aged personage, who united the offices of a schoolmaster and land measurer, an old crony of the good miller, in whose little parlor he had smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday evening for the last thirty years, and who called him still from habit, "Young Sam Robinson." He, one evening as they sat together smoking outside the door, broke his accustomed silence with a formal demand of his comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being, as soon as her father could speak for astonishment, civilly refused, Master Samuel Robinson addressed himself to him again, with his wonted phlegm, played a manful part in emptying the ale jug, and discussing the Welsh rabbit, reappeared as usual, on the following Saturday, and to judge from his whole demeanor, seemed to have entirely forgotten his unlucky proposal.

Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighborhood, in the shape of a new occupant of the great farm. The quiet respectable old couple who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy sun-dial, and planted the great mulberry tree, having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a new tenant from a distant country, the youngest son of a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old world practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of admira-

tion of the intelligent young farmer, Edward Grey; who being unmarried, and of a kindly and sociable disposition, soon became familiar with the high and low, and was no where a greater favorite than with his opposite neighbor, our good miller.

Katy's first feeling towards her new acquaintance was an awe, altogether different from her usual shamefacedness; a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out, not merely in his conversation, but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally a sudden laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, now seen and now gone, to which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a particular aversion. In short, she paid the young farmer, who he persisted in being called, the compliment of running away, as soon as he came in sight, for three calendar months. At the end of that time, appearances mended. First she began to loiter at the door; then she staid in the room; then she listened; then she smiled; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another had passed, would prattle to Edward Grey as fearlessly and freely as to her own father.

On his side, it was clear that the young farmer, with all his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked nothing better than this simple village lass. He passed over the little humours, proper to her as a beauty and a spoiled child, with the kindness of an indulgent brother: was amused with her artlessness, and delighted with her gaiety. Gradually he began to find his own fire-side lonely, and the parties of the neighborhood boisterous; the little parlor of the miller formed just the happy medium, quietness without solitude, and society without dissipation—and thither he resorted accordingly. His spaniel, Ranger, taking possession of the middle of the hearthrug, just as comfortably as if in his master's own domesnes, and Katy's large cat, a dog hater by profession, not merely submitting to the usurpation, but ceasing to erect her bristles on his approach.

So the world waned for three months more. One or two little miffs had, indeed, occurred between the parties; once, for instance, at a fair held in the next town on the first of May: Katy having been frightened at the lions and tigers painted outside a show, had nevertheless been half-led, half forced into the booth to look at the real living monsters by her ungallant beau. This was a sad offence. But unluckily our village damsel had been so much entertained by some monkeys and parrots on her first entrance, that she quite forgot to be frightened and afterwards, when confronted with the royal brutes, had taken great a fancy to a beautiful panther, as to wish to have him for a pet; so that this quarrel passed away almost as soon as it began. The second was about the color of a ribband. Katy having been much caught by the graceful person and gracious manners of a country candidate who called to request her father's vote, had taken upon herself to canvass their opposite neighbor, and was exceedingly astonished to find that her request was refused, on no better plea than a difference from her favorite in political opinion, and a previous promise to his opponent. The little beauty, astonished at her want of influence, and rendered zeal-

ous by opposition, began to look grave, and parties would certainly have run high at Hatherford, had not her candidate put a stop to the dispute by declining to come to the poll. So that the quarrel was perforce pretermitted. At last a real and serious anxiety overclouded Katy's innocent happiness, and, as it often happens in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations her cousin, Sophia Maynard, had long been her favorite. She was an intelligent unaffected young woman, a few years older than herself, the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total absence of airs and finery. In person she might almost be called plain; but there was such natural gentility about her, her manners were so pleasing and conversation so attractive, that few people, after passing an evening in her society remembered her want of beauty. She was exceedingly fond of the country, and of her pretty cousin, who, on her part, looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself a hundred times, when most pleased with their new neighbor, "how I wish my cousin Sophia could see Edward Grey," and now that cousin Sophy had seen Edward Grey, poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world, if they had never met. They were heartily delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr. Grey's vivacity; Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished to find in the other a cultivation unusual in that walk of life. They talked and laughed, and sung together, and seemed so happy, that Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserable, flew from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort, except when she could creep alone to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy? she could not tell what ailed her; but she was quite sure she was wretched, and then she cried again.

In the mean while, the intimacy between the new friends became closer and closer. There was an air of intelligence between them that might have puzzled wiser heads than that of our simple miller-maiden. A secret—Could it be a love secret? And the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy when on the point of departure consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford, at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations and the hospitable urgency of her father.

Affairs were in this posture, when one fine evening, towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her usual habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows, sloping down on either side to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and seemingly shut out from the world.

A pleasant walk it was, through those newly mown meadows, just clear of the hay, with a bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful; now fringed by rushes and sedges; now

bordered by little thickets of hawthorn and woodbine, and the briar-rose; now overhung by a pollard ash, or a silver-barked beech, or a lime-tree in full blossom. Now a smooth turfy slope, green to the eye, and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willow-herb the blue forget-me-not, and "a thousand fresh-water flowers of several colors," making the bank as gay as a garden.

It was impossible not to pause in this lovely spot; and Sophy, who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, the ragged-robin, the wild-rose, the crane's bill, and the fox-glove, or to us the prettier Irish name of that superb plant, the fairy-cap, appealed to Katy to "read a lecture of her country art," and show "what every flower, as country people hold, did signify"—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who, declining Edward's offered arm, had loitered a little behind, gathering a long wreath of the woodbine, and the briony, and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She tied on her bonnet, however, and stood by listening whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers, quoting the well-known lines from the *Winter's Tale*, and the almost equally charming passage from *Philaster*.

At length Edward, who, during the conversation, had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond-scented turfs of the elegant meadow sweet, whose crested blossoms arrange themselves in a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy's "country art," but it is my favorite amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the Eastern fashion of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. And it shall be so," he added, after a short pause, his bright and sudden smile illumining his whole countenance: "the botanical name signifies, the Queen of the Meadow, and wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this turf, the homage of my heart, the proffer of my hand shall go also. Oh, that the offering might find favor with my queen!" Katy heard no more. She turned away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, overhung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat, and there she sat her down, trembling, cold, and wretched; understanding, for the first time, her own feelings and wondering if any body in all the world had ever been so unhappy before.

There she sat, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making "rings of rushes that grew thereby," and Edward's dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream, as if trying to catch one, came to her, and laid his rough head, and his long curling brown ears, into her lap, and looked at her "with eyes whose human meaning did not need the aid of speech"—eyes full of pity and of love; for Ranger, in common with all the four footed world, loved Katy dearly; and now he looked up in her face, and licked her cold hand. Oh! kinder and faithfuller than your master, thought poor Katy

as with a fresh gush of tears, she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sat in that position, as it seemed to her, for ages, whilst her companions were hooking and landing some white water-lines.

At last they approached, and she arose hastily, and trembling, and walked on, anxious to escape observation. "Your garland is loose, Katy," said Edward, lifting his hand to her bonnet; "Come and see how nicely I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin of water, under those hazels! come!" He put her hand under his arm, and led her thither; and there, when mechanically she cast her eyes on the stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow-sweet, the identical Queen of the Meadow, waving like a plume, over her own straw bonnet; felt herself caught in Edward's arms, for, between surprise and joy, she had well nigh fallen, and when with instinctive modesty, she escaped from his embrace, and took refuge with her cousin, the first sounds that she heard was Sophy's affectionate whisper, "I knew it all the time, Katy! every body knew it but you! and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised Edward to stay and be bridesmaid;" and the very next week they were married.

THE RECKLESS HUSBAND.

There are, who have passed the season of 'sweet spring-time,' and feel the winter of age approaching ; who have witnessed the enjoyments of youth to pall upon the sense, and all its 'day dreams' to vanish forever ; and who have found, however unwelcome the change, that the stern realities of life must invariably stalk in, and put to flight all the beautiful creations of imaginative youth. Yet, amid the busiest scenes of manhood, there are moments, when the tide of memory rushes to the heart, bearing on its bosom departed scenes, which else had been 'blotted from life's page.'

Time, like a stream, bears us unceremoniously along. We see many things in passing ; but we may only salute them, to bid them farewell. The pleasant objects that meet our eyes on either side, can hardly make an impression upon our hearts, ere they must give way for others. Yet, sometimes in our swift career, it is our lot to look on scenes, which, in reality, like all others, pass from before our eyes ; but in passing, leave their seal upon our memories, never to be effaced.

Characters may attract observation at times, alternately making their appearance and disappearance, until, after a lapse, perhaps of years, we see them mount the stage, to make their

final exit. Thus we are enabled to form an estimate of the effect of virtue or of vice, produced, perhaps, first by early religious education, or the want of it, on the moral condition of man,—to trace the progress of inherent piety, and amiable affections, on the one hand, and the want of principle and sensibility, on the other. This is illustrated by the little history that follows.

There once was a child, blessed with a pious mother. By her she was taught to bend her little knee, and lift her lisping voice in prayer. That mother watched her growing years, and sought to train her infant mind pure and unblemished as her lovely face. With gentle hand she removed the noxious passions from her heart, and implanted in their stead the softer virtues. By this, she hoped to rear a lovely floweret, that, after blooming a while on earth, and shedding sweet odors for the gratification and delight of her fellow-beings, might, in due time, be transplanted into the paradise above, there 'to make glad the city of our God.' But she, so young and gentle, was not destined long to walk beneath her guardian angel's wing; for yet, while most she needed a friendly hand to shield her from the temptations of a wily world, the mother died, and she was left alone, beautiful and unprotected.

But one so young, so beautiful, so unfriended, could not fail to excite interest. A youth of noble bearing, led her, in all her native innocence, to the holy altar. His was a soul formed in nature's proudest mould; and she, in the romantic warmth of youth, had never dreamed that a heart thus great could not be good. But, alas! She had this to learn on bitter trial. Proud of his own strength and powers of mind, he had never reflected that sin and error could lay low his boasted greatness.

For a time she enjoyed in him all that her ardent imagination could have pictured,—a faithful friend,—an honorable protector,—a fond and indulgent husband. Would that the illusion might end here. But, alas! a change came. He, upon whom the happiness of one so lovely rested,—in whose fate such dear, and tender, and immortal interests were involved, must put on a different shade of character. The little errors that he, at times, had, perhaps, unconsciously indulged in, grew at length into crimes. The love of gaming, that sure prelude to destruction, gradually stole into his bosom; and with it came all its correspondent train of evil passions.

She, the faithful wife, watched the progress of her husband's

ruin, with mental agony, indeed,—but with all the fortitude of a Christian, joined with the patient meekness of suffering woman. In vain she poured her orisons to Heaven, that her erring husband might be reclaimed,—in vain had she urged her gentle prayers and intreaties to his own callous ear. In vain ! in vain ! The presence of one so deeply injured had become painful to him. Whole days would he wander from that home, which his presence was wont to render so delightful. And whole nights, spurning the cheerful hearth, the kind endearments in which he had once deemed himself superlatively happy, would he plunge into the baleful revel.

One fatal night,—and he arrived at the last extremity,—he arose from the midnight board, and threw himself into the street. He had lost all—for the first time he knew himself a beggar. The remorse, which souls like his are capable of feeling, rushed, with all its blackness, into his bosom. It seemed even to have gained poignancy from its long slumbers. He rushed, in madness, he knew not whither, until he found himself in his own apartment. Again was he roused to consciousness. She, his wife, her beautiful dishevelled locks neglected, her hands clasped, and eyes cast upwards, kneeling in holy supplication, was before him. He stopped, and listened : he heard his polluted name breathed from her pious lips. * * * The report of a pistol was heard ;—the next moment he lay lifeless at her feet. * * *

Here follows a beautiful example of an amiable spirit actuated by the divine principles of religion. No vain lamentations, no useless repinings escaped the lips of the bereaved sufferer ; but, on the contrary, a calm resignation and Christian confidence beamed from every feature of her face.

But nature cannot be subdued. The love she bore her unfortunate husband, notwithstanding all his faults, was woman's love ; and, therefore, it was deep and abiding. It was of that tender, constant kind, which all the efforts of human skill are unable to subdue ; and, the wreck of which, no heart is able to sustain. This final stroke, upon a constitution naturally delicate, sapped at its source the fount of life. The blight gradually despoiled the rose upon her cheek, and quenched the healthful fire in her eye ; and that fatal disease of the broken-hearted, consumption, soon fastened on her frame. She died—a martyr to her reckless husband's sin—Gaming ! S. P.

THE SISTERS.

Sisters, sweet sisters ! and two young and lovely girls bounded along the path that skirted the village, and stood by Lord Montville's side.

'Why wander so late, dear ones ?' was his inquiry, as he wound an arm round each of their slender waists, and drew them towards their own proud home, which stood embowered amidst tall ancestral trees.

'Walter, a smile plays o'er that lip, as if some passing thought were pleasant,' said Agnes, the elder sister, as they entered the castle gate.

'And, now that I remember, why did not Adelaide accompany you ?' asked Rosaline Montville.—'How can you leave her, even for an hour?' she continued, with a saucy air, which sat gracefully upon her young and beautiful face. 'But I do not wonder; for pure and sweet as these early flowers, is that gentle bride; I do love her, dearly, dearly.'

'Thank you, thank you, my own kind, enthusiastic, little sister,' replied Col. Montville, his eyes glistening, as he gazed upon her animated face,—'but what says my Agnes? Has she not also a portion of affection to bestow upon one, who rightly appreciates her noble and gifted mind?'

'Adelaide Montville is as dear to me as is my Rosaline, and that is a sufficient answer.'

'Though Rosaline does try your patience every day, by her wayward humors,' exclaimed the younger sister; 'but come, let us hasten, for I see there are strangers in the drawing-room.'

As they entered the spacious, and well-lighted apartment, they saw, in addition to the usual family,—two gentlemen, one of whom stood at the extremity of the room with Lady Montville. They were engaged in deep and earnest conversation, and Adelaide's hand was clasped in his. Amazement was depicted upon the countenances of the sisters, as Walter drew them towards his wife.

‘Adelaide, my love!’ said he, ‘I have brought you home our truants,’ and as his eye met hers, a significant glance passed between them, and a smile lighted up his fine features.

‘Agnes, Rosaline, what punishment ought you to have,’ said she, in a lively tone, ‘for so often whiling away my husband from my side? I shall begin to be jealous of these moonlight rambles; but I forgive you this once, as I feel very happy this evening; and now let me introduce to you two of my oldest and nearest friends, Lord Villers, my cousin, and Col. Dudley.’

The aspect of the nobleman was cold and proud, but his friend was the very beau ideal of manly beauty. With a brow lofty and intellectual, and that sparkling glance that seldom woman’s heart resists—he gracefully paid his compliments to Miss Montville and her sister, and soon engaged them in a lively conversation. Lord Villers stood apart, gazing upon the pensive loveliness of Agnes, as though she was some star to be worshipped afar off, but not approached. Beneath that garb of coldness and pride, glowed a heart the most kind and affectionate, and feelings warm and quick. He had married very young in life, to please his parents, rather than from choice of his own, and had now been a widower a little more than a year, with one sweet boy, of whom he was passionately fond.

Absorbed in reverie, he heeded not those around him, until Lord Montville, touching his arm, exclaimed, ‘Why Villers! is the magic spell of some fairy, woven round you, that you stand as one entranced? Adelaide has been talking to you some moments without receiving an answer.’

Lord Villers apologized for his inattention, and, offering his arm to Lady Montville, joined the gay group.

A lay or two after, the party at the castle were upon a visit to a neighboring gentleman, with one daughter, and towards evening the younger part of the company strolled out into the Park.

‘Annette Wilby, the pretty village girl, who lives down by the mill, is to be married this evening,’ said Miss Fortescue, the friend at whose house they were visiting. ‘She is a protégé of mine, and I promised to be present; therefore I must insist upon all accompanying me. Rosaline promised to be bridesmaid.’

‘With all my heart,’ exclaimed Col. Dudley, ‘anything for

novelty,'—and the party, also, as readily acquiesced in her proposition.

Miss Fortescue and Rosaline now led the way towards the village, and soon arrived at the church.

The bridal party soon made their appearance, and Rosaline took her place by the side of the bride. After the conclusion of the solemn and impressive ceremony, Constance Fortescue invited them to come up to the Hall and partake of a little collation, which she had given orders to have prepared for them.

During the walk home, Col. Dudley, upon whose arm Rosaline hung, exerted himself to entertain and amuse her. The rich stores of his cultivated mind were unfolded to her view, and she wondered how one so gifted could ever prefer her company to that of her high-minded and intellectual sister. She relapsed into silence, and Dudley, whose eye was bent upon her lovely face, suddenly exclaimed,

'A gypsy encampment, upon my word! come, Miss Montville, let us take a peep into futurity. To cross the hand of yon dark-eyed lass with a piece of silver, would be to ensure us endless happiness.' Rosaline laughed, and the gay group, with the exception of Agnes and Lord Villers, who had walked forward, drew near the gypsies.

'Blessings upon your pretty face; a coronet is in store for you, and wealth and happiness!' exclaimed the girl, as Miss Fortescue extended her hand.

Caroline Fortescue colored deeply, and Rosaline glanced archly towards Charles Fitz Walter, a dark-eyed, lively young man, grandson to the Earl of D——.

'What is my fate?' laughingly asked Dudley.

'You'll win the love of a fair and gentle lady. You'll wed her too; but shadows are in your path. The arrow that wounds her will be winged by your hand, and not till her head is bowed in sorrow and desolation, shall you see your errors.'

'A pleasant destiny, I declare,' observed Dudley, though his cheek turned pale and his lip quivered. 'But, Miss Montville, do not be deterred by my ill luck,—give your hand.'

The girl gazed earnestly upon the small and beautiful hand extended to her, and something like a sigh escaped her as she said, 'Lady, sweet lady, the coming years, I grieve to say, will dim that brow, and pale that blushing cheek. Thy star of

hope will sink in gloom ; the rose in thy bright garland fade ; but though thy heaven be overcast by clouds, yet at the last shall the sunlight illumine thy path.'

'Come, Lena, I will hear no more ; there is silver for you,' and drawing the arm of the agitated Rosaline within his own, Dudley turned away.

'Rosaline, such a destiny cannot be yours,' he exclaimed, as they pursued their walk. 'So young, so bright, so beautiful, earth's fairest flowers should be strewed around you.' Before she had time to reply, Lord Villers and Agnes, who had retraced their footsteps, joined them.

'My sister, you are pale and agitated—what, what has happened, dearest ?' was the affectionate exclamation of Agnes.

'Miss Montville was only a little frightened by a gypsy,' replied Dudley, trying to laugh.

The penetrating eye of Lord Villers saw that something more than the reason which Julian gave was the matter ; but aware of his friend's open disposition, he was right in judging that Dudley would not conceal anything from him.

The villagers had a dance upon the lawn, and each of the party, at the Hall, presented the pretty bride with some suitable present. She blushing curtesied her thanks, and then joined the group assembled around the bountiful tables. Miss Fortescue looked on with a calm pleasure, happy that her own condescension and kindness had been the means of giving some happy moments to her father's tenantry, who were fondly attached to every member of the family.

After they separated for the night, Julian Dudley drew his friend aside, and communicated to him the events of the walk, and had the satisfaction of being laughed at by Lord Villers, who considered the whole as a childish piece of folly—but it had made an impression upon the mind of the Col. not easily erased.

Days and weeks passed on, and Col. Dudley was the acknowledged lover of Rosaline. A shade of sadness rested upon the fair face of Agnes, and there were times when a sigh would burst from her pale lips ; even amid the gorgeous pageantry of the festival, or by the quiet starlit waters. Lady Montville often gazed earnestly upon her, as if to read her thoughts, and Walter trembled at the change in her demeanor.

'Are you ill, dearest ?' they would ask, in such an accent

of deep tenderness as often brought the tears into her eyes, but the answer was always 'No,' in a sweet sorrowful tone. That some grief preyed upon her spirits they were convinced, but they would not force her confidence.

'And now, good folks, all,' exclaimed Lady Montville, one evening, when Lord Villers and Col. Dudley were their only guests—'allow me to present Col. Dudley to you in his true character, that of my wild and wilful brother Julian, who, having a slight dash of romance in his disposition, chose to come to the castle in masquerade; but I shall keep his secret no longer, so you must even pardon his deception, Rosaline. The astonishment of the group, excepting Lord Villers and Walter, was great, and Rosaline was delighted, but still there were moments when the prophecy of the gypsy girl hung as a weight upon her spirits.

The bridal day arrived, and with tears of mingled pleasure and pain, Rosaline Montville parted from her home. Many a blessing was bestowed upon her, and many a heart's best prayer put up for the happiness of the young and beautiful creature. Agnes kissed her sweet sister, and convulsively grasped the hand of her new brother, and in a few moments she was alone in the hall. She could not, she would not again enter the drawing-room, and hastily running down the steps she soon found herself beside the small river that wandered through her brother's grounds. Sitting down in a small arbor, which had been constructed for them by Walter in their childish days, she laid her head upon her hand and wept long and bitterly—murmured words of passionate import fell from her lips.

'The smiling, happy bridesmaid! did I not personate her well. Little they dreamt that the playful tone, the smiling lip were as agony to the heart; and she, pure and gentle, she will be blessed. O! 'tis fearful to love as woman loves. My idol! Dudley, from this moment you are only my brother,'—and, wiping all traces of emotion from her face, she was preparing to return, when a step caused her to start. There was one eye had, during the ceremony, read every thought of hers—one heart which had poured out all its passionate feelings upon her, and who now sought her in that lone and silent spot. Lord Villers took her hand, 'Agnes, dear, dear Agnes, you have been weeping: do not join yon gay revellers, but wander with me beneath these beautiful trees.' She consented, and

the mild, soothing words of her companion came as a 'leaf of healing' to her weary spirit. She knew that he was possessed of her secret, and was grateful for his sympathy and kindness. They returned to the house, and ere Agnes retired to rest, that night, she sought Lady Montville, and gave her her entire confidence—Adelaide wept with her.

'My noble-minded Agnes! and loving Dudley so, did you stifle all your kind feelings, and appear cold, because you knew that Rosaline had given him her young heart. Yes! had you but exhibited to his view the treasures of your mind and heart, you would have conquered, for he was certainly fonder of you at first. Your coldness chilled him, and he turned to Rosaline for affection—generous one, you will yet be happy.'

'The harpstrings are broken, the sweet flower faded,' said Agnes, mournfully. 'The spell is dissolved; but, Adelaide, dearest, for happiness I trust not earth—my hope is beyond it—a few wearisome years and Agnes Montville will be as a thing forgotten—but if her memory live in the hearts of the poor and the needy, I shall be happy.'

Two years passed away, and on a dark, dreary evening, in the month of December, Agnes Montville sat by the side of her sister's sick bed. Change had done its work upon the fair face of Rosaline. Her head rested on her sister's bosom, and their hands were tenderly clasped together: a step approached, and the door of the chamber slowly opened. Rosaline half raised her head, and, closing her eyes, sunk back as she met her husband's glance.

'Agnes here!' he exclaimed, 'tis well, madam, any one's presence is preferred to that of your husband; but she, good and pure as she is, will, I hope, teach you that your career of folly will end in misery.'

'Spare me, spare me, Julian,' cried the unhappy wife, whilst a convulsive sob shook her slender frame—'you wrong me, you know you do:' then, as if a sudden thought flashed across her mind, she started up, and fixing her dark eye full upon her husband, exclaimed—'Julian, do you remember the gypsy's prophecy?'

Col. Dudley started, and turned pale, but spoke not, and in a few moments left the room. An hour elapsed, and Rosaline had wept herself to sleep, when Agnes was summoned to the

drawing-room. She found Col. Dudley in great agitation. 'Agnes,' said he, 'what do you think of Rosaline?' was his abrupt question.

'That the rose on her young cheek is becoming paler and paler, and the light of her bright eye dim,' was her answer; 'consumption wears many aspects.'

'Consumption!' exclaimed the conscience stricken husband, 'oh! Heaven, do you think she will die?'

'Col. Dudley,' replied Agnes, haughtily, 'you swore at the altar, and in the presence of your God, to cherish and protect the young being who gave you a priceless treasure in the affections of her pure and guileless heart. How you have fulfilled that trust you can yourself best answer. You have insulted Rosaline by your suspicions—you have wounded and crushed her spirit; and now, only, when she is fading to a brighter home, do you begin to feel? You know Agnes Montville, Col. Dudley, and you know that her word is truth. I know all that has passed, and I know that you have wronged her. She is wholly innocent of even feeling more than the affection of a friend for Mr. Fitz Walter, and to satisfy you, Miss Fortescue, this month, gives him her hand, and Rosaline has been her friend and confident this year past, but fettered by a promise not to tell even you of it, until the death of the old Earl, in consequence of some old feud between the two families. The Earl of—— died yesterday, and Rosaline is absolved from her promise.'

Sweet were the tears of Rosaline as she leant upon her husband's shoulder and heard him ask forgiveness for all his harshness and unkindness. 'But, dearest,' said he, kissing her pale brow—'This is a lesson never to be forgotten. A wife should never give a promise to even her nearest friend, to conceal anything from her husband. Mutual confidence is indispensable to ensure happiness in the marriage state; but as the old gypsy's prophecy has been accomplished,' he added, more gaily, and folding her to his heart, 'let us hope that happiness may yet gild our path.'

'Yes,' said Agnes, 'and now that Walter and Adelaide have so urgently requested us to join their Christmas party, we will all go down and try to bring some color into this pale cheek, kissing her sister—'Adelaide's vivacity and kind nursing will do much to restore it.'

It was Christmas Eve, and a large party were assembled in

the drawing-room of Lord Montville. All his dear ones were there, and Rosaline, with a smile on her lip, and a cheek pale, but not sorrowful, was lying on a couch conversing in a low tone with Lord Villers: Agnes was not present. In a small parlor opening into the garden, sat Lady Montville, and by her side was a beautiful boy of three years old. Agnes entered the room, and the child left Lady Montville and bounded towards her. She kissed its fair brow, and took the little creature upon her lap. Adelaide smiled, and soon after left the room, telling her that she would send the maid for Julian. The child had wound his little hands in Agnes' beautiful ringlets, and was playfully peeping through them into her face. The door opened softly, and Lord Villers entered. Agnes started from her seat, and would have retreated, but Lord Villers gently forced her back to her seat.

'Agnes!' exclaimed he, passionately, 'I have long sought for this opportunity of unveiling my heart to you, but you have avoided me. You know how deeply, how devotedly I have loved you; and now, Agnes, dearest, will you not listen to my suit?'

Agnes' head was bent down. 'I have loved once unhappily, my Lord; I have told you this before. I esteem you, I acknowledge your many virtues, but I had made up my mind not to marry.'

'Agnes, say not so—if years of devotion will win your heart, they shall be yours; my lot is lonely and desolate; will you let it remain so—let my boy, my motherless boy, be my pleader. Julian, ask Miss Montville to let you always be with her. Tell her that your father's home is sad, and ask her to let her smile shed happiness around.' The child did as he was told, and throwing his arms round her neck, put up his pretty mouth to kiss her.

The noble qualities of Lord Villers had not been unappreciated by Agnes. Though cold and haughty to others, to her he had bowed and worshipped, and she had lately begun to think that her heart was not so much opposed to his suit as formerly. The last plea had succeeded; Julian's soft kiss had gained the victory. Agnes looked up, and she met Lord Villers gaze' as his arm encircled her waist. She hid her blushes in his bosom as she murmured, 'Edward, I am thine!'—Ere another Christmas, Agnes was Lady Villers.

M. M.

THE SPECTRE BOAT.

Translated from the German.

I WAS ONCE witness to an appearance of a very singular nature.—About seven o'clock in the evening, while engaged as usual in prowling about idly, busy in search of something to look at, or to think of, I found myself near the south end of the Cast Iron Bridge. Pausing here, to debate the matter with myself, as to whether I should go across, or return as I came, (for your true lounge, though all roads are alike to him, will not turn to the right or left, the left of his cane, without a why and a wherefore.) I observed a number of persons, in groups of three or four slinking down a lane near the water side, as I thought, with a shy and mysterious air.—This was sufficient to awaken my curiosity, and I determined to make one of the party. Following close at their heels, I discovered that the place of rendezvous was a little public-house, called the Horse Shoe at the bottom of the lane, and, flowing in with the stream, I sat down quietly in the parlor, and called for my pint and pipe like the rest. The company appeared exceedingly reserved and taciturn, exchanging wise looks without speaking; and, as acquaintances perceived each other, through the aromatic clouds which filled the apartment, a solemn nod was the only sign of recognition. Besides about a dozen men, there were two females present, one of them a good-humoured looking middle-aged lady, of a rotund and a comfortable figure, and the other a thin girl of seventeen, with a chalk and water complexion, and light staring eyes. After sitting quietly for some time, the former of these two, appearing to find the unaccustomed silence extremely irksome, made sundry attempts to enter into discourse with her male neighbor; but an impatient nod, or humph! wrapped in a puff of smoke, was the only reply, and she then turned for relief to the other female. "An't you frightened, Miss?" said she, in what was meant to be a whisper, stretching her short neck over the table.—"Frightened to death!" said the young lady. "I declare I am quite narvous," added the fat gentlewoman, "and I vish, with all my heart, it vas over." A man, who sat next to her, and who appeared to be her husband, from the authority of his manner, here uttered a surly and contemptuous pish! and in no very gentle accent, ordered her to hold her tongue. The conversation then dropped, and we all sat cautiously sipping our homely beverage—staring in dead silence at one another, like the company at a Scotch funeral partaking of refreshments while the corpse is getting ready for its last journey, their wine descending without a gurgle, and the sweatmeats disappearing, as if by the agency of muffled masticators. My curiosity was now excited to a very high degree, and at the same time, I could not help feeling that there was something ridiculous in the situation in which I had so suddenly placed myself. Assuming therefore, an appearance of ease, I ventured to hem once or twice, in a colloquial fashion, and then addressed myself to my next neighbor, with the com-

mon enquiry—"Any thing stirring to-night, Sir?"—This simple question seemed to have a strange effect upon the company; they first looked at me simultaneously, and then withdrawing their eyes, fixed them eagerly and expectingly on the person I had spoken to, bending forward their heads as if fearful to lose a word of his reply. He was a thin oldish man, with a pale philosophical look, like a maker of green spectacles. Slowly laying down his pipe on the table, and discharging calmly and gradually, the smoke from his mouth, he turned to his interrogator, and appeared to peruse my face attentively for some moments, like a man who had read Lavater, and knew what God meant by a straight line or a curve, as well as his neighbors. "There may be things stirring," said he at length, "which we are not aware of, and things which we are not permitted to see; but it is the part of a wise man to see without speaking, and sometimes to hear without replying." And having uttered these oracular words in a style of fitting solemnity, he consulted a huge old-fashioned watch, in a shagreen case, buttoned his coat up to the throat, took down his hat from the peg, and walked out, without farther speech. The whole company then got up in a hurried manner, and prepared to follow his example, while I at once abashed and surprised, mechanically seized my hat and cane, and went forth again like the others. Adopting the same precaution as before of walking in small parties, we all journeyed on towards the bridge, which appeared to be the place of destination. The two ladies, attracted by mutual sympathy, kept close together, and by good luck, as we went along, I had an opportunity of rendering them some little civilities which is always acceptable to that grateful sex: and my gallantry, thank heaven! was at length repaid, by the desired information on the mysterious subject which had so much excited my curiosity.

William, alias Bill, Marsden, it appears, was a waterman, and a smart young fellow, according to my fair narrator, as ever handled a pair of oars. Many a time and oft, were the damsels of the neighborhood seized with a longing to enjoy a little of the "pure sea-hair" which is always so beneficial to health; and on these occasions, Bill Marsden's boat was always sure to be the readiest, or the cleanest—or the safest—or for some reason or other, the most preferable. The rosiest cheeks became still rosier, if Bill, gallivanting mood, but chucked their fair owner under the chin; and the brightest eyes kindled still more brightly at the sly wink of the young waterman. But Bill, himself, was quite unmoved by this kind preference; his heart was untouched—and though he had always at the service of his female customers, some polite compliment, or little piece of manual coquetry, yet as soon as he had set them ashore, and replied to the waving of their lily hand as he pushed off, he ceased to think about the matter, and threw himself down in his

skiff again, whistling as he rowed, for want of thought, and paddling about in his strength and pride, as absolute on the element he loved as a sea-gull. But things could not remain long in this state; Bill, like greater men, was obliged to submit to the common destiny, and love had an ample range. At a certain window on the south side of the river, he had frequently observed, when rowing along the stream, a young lady busily employed at her needle; and sometimes, like a jolly waterman, saluted her from his boat with a joke or a compliment as he passed. The nymph of the elements was not slow at returning his notice, and this sort of distant acquaintance commenced between them, which grew stronger every day. Bill's eyes at length appeared to turn instinctively towards the window as he approached, and he gradually acquired a habit of sweeping closer in by the shore; while the labors of the fair sempstress (for such was her profession) were mechanically suspended as he passed.

The rude jocularity of their earlier salutations became, by degrees, more soft and confidential—till the shrill treble of the nymph of the shore was like the sweet tone of a flageolet on the water; and the manly notes of him of the sea, put her in mind of the deep and melancholy breathings of a flute sounding from a distant arbor of a tea-garden, when the shades of evening are stealing around, and the watchman has called "past nine," and the last of the company are retiring or gone.

One afternoon, Bill was sitting in his skiff, looking pensively up the river, when he was startled from his reverie by a voice calling "boat." Several waterman sprang forward to secure the customer, but Bill, though not the nearest, was the fortunate candidate, and the young lady put her hand into his, and stepped lightly into the skiff. The transaction was but a moment, and Bill, whose wits at the time were a wool-gathering, scarcely looked at his fare, till he had seated himself mechanically at his oars. But when he did look, his heart beat quicker—his hands trembled—and yet he doubted for a moment—but it was only for a moment; it was the fair object of his bewildered thoughts—it was the nymph of the shore! After this, every evening at nightfall, Bill rowed up the river to his sweetheart's house, and landing stealthily, had an interview with her, unseen by all the world. Things went on in this manner for a long time, and the lovers were the happiest waterman and sempstress that ever plied an oar or a needle, till one night—alas, the night! Bill, true to his appointment, repaired to the rendezvous at the accustomed hour, but no nymph was there; and though he even ventured to hum under her window a verse of "We're a' noddin'," and subsequently, in a louder tone, the favorite air of "The Dog's-meat Man," no soft voice replied to his; and waiting till it was quite dark, with a heavy foreboding heart, he returned to his boat and rowed gloomily home. The next evening his anxiety led him to the place rather before the usual time. While ascending the steps leading from the water, he heard a voice above him—it was a man's: the next moment the sound of meeting lips struck on his ear, and as he rushed forward, maddened with jealousy, the figure of his faithless fair one appeared for a moment, and then vanished. Bill staggered back, his arms fell lifeless by his side, and a cold dew burst

over his forehead. He had no power to pursue his enemy—and, indeed, scarcely sufficient strength to get back into his boat. This was his last visit. Some days after, he was sitting in his boat as before, looking down the river, when his meditations were again disturbed by the call of "boat;" in starting up, he saw, with surprise and indignation, the faithless nymph of the shore coming forward to him through the crowd of watermen, smiling and blushing with love and pleasure, as if nothing had happened. Bill stepped haughtily back, and folded his arms. She again said "boat," in a stifled voice, and one of the other watermen sprang forward; he was obliged rather to lift than assist her into his boat; she dropped her pale cheek upon her hand, and did not look again towards the shore.

After this, when Bill happened to pass the well-known place, he observed her still at the accustomed window, but she did not look towards the river. In a short time she was seldom visible, and soon did not make her appearance at all—the window was down, and the curtains drawn; it was like a sick-chamber. Bill would have given thousands, if he had them, that he had only taken her in his boat; but then, thinks he, what could she say? what more could I have? I saw, with my own eyes! I heard, with my own ears! yet this did not satisfy him; every day he became more wretched, and at length resolved to walk over to her house, and if possible, find out whether it was she who was unwell, and what was the matter. When he got near the place, he perceived that the street was covered with straw before her house, and his heart grew sick and faint at the ill-omened sight, which betokened imminent danger. He then went into a public-house opposite and made some enquiries, as if accidentally, while standing at the bar, when he was informed that the unfortunate young woman had taken cold on the river about three weeks before, and was now on her death-bed, at the age of nineteen. Bill rushed out of the house in horror and despair.—He crossed the street, and attempted twice to knock at the door, but each time his heart seemed to die within him. At last it opened, and a young woman came out. She started on seeing him, but in a hurried manner took hold of his arm, and drew him into the house. "You are the very person," said she, "I was going to look for; come in if you be a Christian man, and listen to what I have to say—there is perhaps, life and death in it." He then received the damning information, that he and his sweetheart had been the victims of a plot. She had been suddenly called out of town, for several days, to attend the death-bed of a relation, and an unsuccessful wooer had taken the opportunity of endeavoring to effect a separation of the lovers: his sister, the person who gave Bill this information, and who was very intimate in the family, was induced to take a part in the conspiracy, by personating her friend—and how successful was the scheme is already known. In the terrible agony of the moment, Bill knew not what was best to be done; but at length resolved at all hazards, to see her once more, whom his credulity had brought to the grave; but a cry from the inner apartment, and the clamorous grief of the women which succeeded, informed him it was too late. The next morning, Bill Marsden's skiff was missed from her moorings, and discovered drifting at a distance. The

river was dragged by his comrades, and in the afternoon the body of the unfortunate waterman was found.

Such was the narrative of my fair and fat friend, while we were standing on the bridge ; but the most singular part of the affair is to follow. One of Marsden's acquaintances, who had not heard of his fate, happened to be passing along the bridge on the evening the corpse was found ; and, as he solemnly related, saw his friend in his identical skiff, pulling up the river. He called out to him, but received no answer, and, having watched him pass under the arch on which he was standing, went away about his own affairs. After hearing of Marsden's death, he communicated what he had seen to a few of his friends, who resolved to watch with him on the bridge the following evening, which they did, and saw precisely the same appearance. The story, of course, spread ; this was the third night, and the number I observed, who had come from all quarters to see the expected apparition, might amount probably to a hundred. The night was fine and light, but the chill wind, which blew strongly down the river, made many of us shiver with cold as we leant over the parapet, while in others the same effect was produced by a different feeling, when, at times, a skiff was seen to shoot across the river, or their fancy had shaped out from the dense vapors which terminated the vista, the appearance of an upward-bound boat. At length substantial or unsubstantial, a boat with a single waterman, was clearly discerned making its way up the river. As it approached, a cold thrill passed through the boldest bosoms present, which seemed to have been communicated instantaneously, like a shock of electricity, to the whole multitude. The tide was at its strongest ebb, and was rushing with the utmost force and rapidity down the river ; the wind also now blew violently towards the same quarter—but these had no effect on the progress of the boat. Calmly and steadily it continued on its way, swerving neither to the right nor to the left ; the oars did not seem to disturb the water in the slightest degree, as they dipped noiselessly in ; nor at the prow was there any appearance of foam or of resistance to the tide. The skiff, at length, passed below the arch on which we stood, and the crowd hurried to the opposite side. We had now an opportunity of seeing the face of the boatman. He sat looking fixedly down the river, without the slightest motion of eyes or head, nor any except what was caused by the act of rowing ; his head was uncovered, and his hair, unmoved by the breeze, hung over his pale brow ; the stifled breath of the spectators seemed at this moment to get involuntary vent, and the deep murmur ran through the crowd, " It is Marsden ! " The object of their fear and wonder, at length, gradually disappeared in the distance ; and, with that sigh of relief and almost satisfaction which attends the departure of any fearful object or harrasing dream, we beheld the last shadow of the Spectre Boat.

THE STEAM-BOAT.

On the evening of the 20th September, 18—, I stepped for the first time, on board a steam-boat. All things were new and strange ; but my attention was chiefly attracted by the different aspects of the several passengers. Some who had come in time, were standing on deck calmly watching the more tardy, as they hurried along shouting for their baggage, and causing great bustle and confusion.

At length the last stroke of the bell was borne away on the breeze, and the boat left the wharf. As the noble thing passed on, ruffling the dark waters, and the snow-white foam leaped up its sides as if to welcome the glorious object, a sad, sad feeling came over me, when I thought that we were leaving home, and friends, and all that was dear, perhaps for the last time, to go—whither ? To mingle with the world, where none would know, or love, or care for us, and all would appear as cold and distant as the dark, dusky forms, which could be seen by the faint moonlight, pacing the shore and watching the slowly receding vessel.

Midnight came, and with it a furious wind, which, together

with the engine impelled us forward at a fearful rate. On we went, ploughing the dark ocean, whose waves rolled up around us as if to clasp us in their cold embrace. By the faint moonlight which occasionally glimmered through the black threatening clouds, that hurried across the heavens as if bent on some direful errand, we saw a dark object approaching. It was a ship bearing down directly upon us, the watch apparently asleep, and we not seen. Destruction seemed inevitable. What should *we* be in the path of such a monster ! Every breath was suspended ; all stood in death-like silence, waiting the final, stunning blow, and crash, and all would be over. Suddenly we were seen. It veered to the right, and passed by us. We plunged headlong into the gulph formed by the sudden motion, were stationary a moment at the bottom,—every timber creaked, the whole vessel groaned, then, like the last struggle of a dying animal, one leap was given and we shot to the summit of the wave. The waters foamed and boiled angrily round us, as if still seeking to regain the prey which had been snatched from their very jaws. But the noble vessel bore us safely on, leaping and careering proudly over the deep, rejoicing in her own strength and glory. One long drawn sigh burst from every bosom, which from excess of terror had been stilled, and some who had never been known to own a God, now bowed themselves to offer thanks to Heaven for their escape from the two-fold danger from which they had been rescued. H.

THE SUMMER TIME.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THIS is the first day of the season that reminds us of what the Germans call, so lovingly, "the summer time." The air is soft and balmy and smells of far off flowers. Yesterday it dallied among the orange groves, and to day, lo! it is here, going by the cheek as if the wing of an angel rustled nigh, and stealing over the senses to infuse a delicious langour into every nerve. Last night beheld the brightest moon of the year, and this morning the sky was still intensely blue, but a thin mist is stealing over it as the day advances, white and transparent, but gradually getting creamy toward the south. It will rain to-morrow. And a fortnight may pass before we have another day like this, intoxicating us, here under these April skies, with visions of the summer time.

Who does not love the summer time? Autumn, with its golden fruitage, waving fields, and gentle airs—its corn huskers singing to the harvest, and its children nutting in the woods—its forests of variegated hue, its brown hill sides regally clothed in purple, and its still waters slumbering in the drowsy sunshine of the afternoon is beautiful—ay! beautiful exceedingly, even as that Paradise the way-worn pilgrim, Christian, saw glimpses of, afar off, from the Delectable land. There is a grandeur in winter, stern and wild it may be, but a grandeur which speaks to the soul. Its aspect and associations carve their names deep in the memory. When the snow spins in the tempest, and the naked trees moan, tossing their branches to and fro—when dark clouds lower almost to the earth, and the hail rushes down like the voice of an Alpine torrent—when the stars twinkle clear in the frosty atmosphere, and the keen northwest moans down the hill side like a lost spirit—when you sit by your crackling fire and hear the merry jingle of approaching bells, then is winter, stern old gray-beard, to be remembered. Spring has a beauty of its own. There is something in the bursting grass, the returning birds, the fragrant earth, the full waters of early spring which wakes the emotion of poetry even in breasts seared by crime, soured by misfortune or frozen by age. There is something in the leafing of the trees, in the opening of the blossoms, and in the fragrance of early wild flowers which has always made spring peculiarly intoxicating to us. We can echo Keat's rapturous desire, "for a beaker full of the warm South." The first mild day in March, who does not remember it. The soft April rains, ah! what can equal them. And then the melody of running waters combined with the earliest songs of the blue-bird, bobolink, and a dozen other favorites.

Spring is indeed lovely—a maiden in her innocence and truth, blushing, smiling, and anon even tearful, and daily seeming to your fond eyes more beautiful. But if spring is a virgin in her youthful, summer is a matron in her maturer loveliness. The one, delicate and ethereal; but the other, womanly, warm, trusting and all your own. Oh! the summer time for us.

Now, if we were a German, how, at that word, we would straightway begin to think of long stiff rows of lindens shading the dusty roads that lead to gardens out in the country, where we might eat our curds with all the town, and afterward drink our coffee and smoke our meerschaum in dreamy idleness, vacillating between sleeping and waking, and building castles in the air all through the long, drowsy summer afternoon. If we were well to do in the world we should be going off to our vineyard or *lust-haus* to regale ourselves and friends; for a German, mind ye, must be eating, even over the finest landscape in the world. Or we would gather together a troop of our acquaintance and trundle ourselves, in clumsy, ricketty waggons, off to some ruin or mountain side, where, sitting on rude benches between trees, we would open our hamper and dine, drinking sour wines and contemplating the scenery whenever we could snatch a moment from the cold cut on our plate. Having dined, we would light our pipes and set the country boys scrambling for kreutzers, or we would play at blindman's buff, laughing all the time like children loosed from school; and, toward evening, stowing ourselves again in our waggons, we would rumble off home along a road that roams at large through unfenced corn-fields and garden plats, as if it had got astray, an idea corroborated by the staring wonder of the little plump, old-womanish girls, who, with their hair hanging in tails down their backs, stand agape as we pass. To tell the truth there is a deal of cant about your German's love for the summer time. The secret of his going into raptures over it is that he can then eat in the open air. Unless he could go off to some quiet farm-house, or old orchard, or moss grown rampart, or romantic mountain side to devour a dinner, lying on the grass, and drink wine or coffee, with coat off, under the trees, he would not care a snap for the summer time. He admires nature, it is true, but admires her for the same reason an alderman admires a town hall, because it is associated with recollections of good eating. Ask him to walk out into the country and he will enquire what kind of victuals you intend to take. Pause at a fine landscape and his raptures will be heightened by the sandwich he is munching. He likes a breezy sky and rustling trees because they make an excellent place for an ordinary, and

his admiration of nature, rising and falling with the state of the larder, dies out with the last cut of cold chicken. Oh! the Germans love the summer time, but after a way of their own, forcibly expressed in their famous national song,

"The summer comes once mo!
To beer, boys, to beer!"

But thank heaven! we are not a German. We love the summer for its breezy uplands, rustling woods, cool vallies and running waters. We love it for its mysterious melodies like the sound of unseen bells at sea. We love it for its varied aspects, for its sweet associations, for its voluptuous idleness. It is then we leave the heats of town for the delicious coolness of the country. No longer do we sit beside our casement, through which the panting breeze, sick and faint with its toilsome way over the burning house-tops, creeps in to die; but, up with early dawn, we are off through the fields, brushing the dew drops from the grass, pausing to hear the full, liquid carols of the birds, or throwing ourselves on some breezy knoll to bathe our brow in the fresh morning gale. Oh! the summer time, the summer time, there is nothing like the summer time. Go out into the country then, and wherever you go, in simple hut or lordly hall, in cottages shut in with embowering vines or old mansions stately among patriarchal trees, you will see the beauty of the summer time. You cannot pause in your walk without having your ears filled with music. The rustling of the leaves, from the light murmur caused by a timid zephyr to the loud diapason of the rising gale, gives forth melodies which no composer can rival. And, at night, even the baying of a dog across the hills has something musical. Then there is the laughing voice of the brook playing among stones; the low, fond whisper of a rivulet cressing the long grass; the merry song of the tiny waterfall; the deep, quiet murmur of happiness coming from the full bosomed stream; and a thousand other of the tones of moving water, which endear to us the summer time, and make our hearts leap now at the thought that it is coming. We do not wonder that the oldest song in our language was written to commemorate the approach of this intoxicating time.

"Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing cuckoo!
Springeth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And groweth the weed new!"

Oh! the summer time, the summer time—with that draught of the soft south air, we are full of visions of the summer time. In fancy we smell the new mown hay or scent the wild rose, sweet briar and honeysuckle. We hear the birds, at early

morning, in the woods, making the air around us drunk with melody. We go along sheltered nooks, at the foot of rocks or under the high banks of streams, hunting for columbines or forgetme-nots. We are up with the sun to see the mowers moving, like animated music, in their long and graceful line; and we lie with them dozing in the shade at noon day, or watching the atmosphere undulate in the sultry sunbeams. We steal down to the cool spring-house, after a hot walk across the fields, and drink the limpid water that gushes from the stone basin in the corner, or we throw ourselves, panting and exhausted, beside the mill-race, and listen to the whirr of the mossy wheel, dreamily regarding the bright, silver drops that, flung from its buckets, play sparkling in the sunshine. We sit beneath a motionless elm, in the still, drowsy afternoon, while the slumberous hum of the bees comes monotonously to the ear, lulling us to indolent repose. And, toward evening, we stroll down some shady lane, between wood-covered hills, until we reach a stream in the valley, where a rustic bridge is found, with willows fringing the road for a hundred yards on either side. Around is untold music. The low sigh of the wind in the branches, the twitter of birds in the brake, and the purling sound of the stream touch mysterious chords in our heart, until by and bye the choral anthem of the stars peals out, and the soul is "lapt into Elysium." Here, in the cool twilight we will sit and think, calling back our childish days when we built mimic water-wheels in just such another spot, and used to lie awake at night—for the house was nigh enough for this—to hear the low whirr of our plaything, rising and falling on the ear, with the fitful wind, that now rustled gently in the tree-tops, and now died away into awe-inspiring silence. We then believed in fairies, for there were often strange, though exquisitely musical sounds, at that hour of the night, and ignorant of their origin, or not caring to enquire into it, we were wont to fancy that these little creatures had come out to play around our mill, and that it was their low voices and merry laughter that we heard so strangely. The dream has long faded, but we never, even now, come on such a spot in our walks, without having that childish fancy brought back to us, and almost believing, for the moment, that there are fairies, and that in just such spots as these they gambol, dancing on the smooth silvery sward at moonlight to the music of murmuring leaves, or, it may be, a tiny mill wheel, like our own. And nothing, in our after years, has given us such unalloyed delight as this fanciful belief of our childhood. What would we give now to lie awake at midnight and think we listened to the fairies.

Words cannot tell the pleasure of the trembling eagerness with which, now and then, we would rise from bed and holding our breath, steal to the window, to catch a glimpse of these tiny revelers as they repaired to the trysting spot, according to the fanciful description of Drake.

"They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rock'd about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum' bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minims forms array'd
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!"

Thank God for the summer time! It visits us like an angel sent from heaven to remind us of a brighter existence. What would become of the inhabitants of our cities if there was no sultry August to lure them away into the country, where, forgetting the cares and heartlessness of the town, they recall the purity of childhood, and insensibly grow better men. Tell us not of the wild dissipation at our watering places. All do not go thither; and there is something in the influence of nature, in the humble habits of the country, in the quiet churches where you go to worship on the Sabbath, which distills better feelings, like gentle dew on the heart, and widens our sympathies with nature and our fellow men. He who spends a month in the country during summer, and comes back with his heart unsoftened has lost forever the brightest heritage of his nature. Yes! we thank God for the summer time! Who does not look forward, in the long dreary winter months, or when harrassed by the cares of business, to the hour, in July or August, which shall release him, for a time, from his slavery, and send him out into the country with a breast comparatively lightened of trouble, and an eye and ear for everything beautiful in nature, whether it be a forest glade or a simple flower, the roar of Niagara or the carol of a bird. And oh! how delightful is it for those who were born in the country to go back to the old homestead and spend a week or two with their parents. There is something holy in this custom. It keeps alive one of the best emotions of our nature, for he who continues to reverence his parents, but especially his mother, will rarely commit any great crime. Think of the glad hearts of the parents as they clasp their son to their bosoms and note, with honest pride, the

improvement a year has made in his appearance. Think of the sisters clinging around the newly returned brother, of the killing of the fatted calf to welcome his coming, and of the eagerness with which the whole family gathers around him to hear what he has to tell. On the next day he visits every spot he knew in childhood!—the old school house, the play ground, the spring in the woods, and a score of places besides. He calls, too, on old friends, and all is hilarity. Everything around him—so quiet and unpretending—contrasts with the false glare and turmoil of the town, and he goes to bed at night with better, because gentler feelings than he has experienced for months, and, dreaming, perhaps, that he has grown rich and returned to settle in his native village, wakes to resolve on it in earnest if ever he should acquire a competence. They have more of this home-feeling in New England than here, and they are the better for it. We shall never forget a coarsely clad youth whom we once met on the great western route, who dressed thus plainly and even meanly that he might be able to come east and see his parents. He had travelled all the way from Iowa, and was bound to Maine, and the joyousness with which he looked forward to the meeting almost seemed childish. But it told how he loved his old parents in their poverty, and it drew our heart to him. We have never heard of him since, but the image of that youth, denying himself for months that he might gladden his parents' hearts with a sight of him again before they died, often recurs to us admonishingly when we would think illy of our fellow man.

Oh! the summer time, the summer time, blessings on the golden summer time! All through the land—in humble dwelling or princely pile—there is rejoicing at its approach, for it comes breathing happiness on every one alike. With the song of birds and the blooming of roses it comes, dancing along the mead like a Bacchante crowned with grapes. The poor widow no longer weeps as she beholds her hungry children shivering over a scanty fire, for in the summer time she knows that food will be plenty, and that the blue vault of heaven will be spread smilingly over them. From miserable alleys and damp cellars, where one would think a human being could scarcely exist, sick and emaciated wretches creep out to see the glad sunshine and drink the invigorating air, in hopes to regain the health they have struggled vainly to recover, in their wet and noisome dens, during the dreary winter months. Go out into the suburbs and you will see the honest laborer, after his hard day's work, sitting, in the cool of the evening, with his family around him, enjoying the soft air which, at the gloamin, steals into the town, smelling of the

flowers it has dallied with on the hill-side all day long; and, in the country, at the same hour, you will find the farmer in his porch, resting after the toils of the day, while the twitter of retiring birds from the hedges and the tinkling bells of the returning kine, soothe him with melodies in unison with his thoughts. But words cannot describe the charm of the summer time. It may be felt but not told. With its green meadows, its thickly growing clover, its fields of glowing grain—its cool evenings which are the more delightful for the heats of noon-day—its starry nights and cloudless moonlit skies—its birds and flowers and limpid waters—and its refreshing rains that come down on wood and lake with a sound like the playing of fairy music, there is no season so bewitching as the summer time. From the first days of June, when the peach trees, with their delicately tinted blossoms, remind you of the gardens of the Hesperides, to the coming in of September with its glowing fruits, yellowing corn, and glorious skies, it is one continued dream of fairy land.

We once knew a beautiful girl, a high-souled, impulsive creature, full of poetry to overflowing, who, at the age of eighteen, was brought to death's door by consumption. She had always had a passionate love for the summer time. Her childhood had been spent in the country, in one of the most pleasant vallies of the Susquehannah, amid primeval forests and romantic mountains. From her earliest years she had been accustomed to the fresh air of the hills, the murmur of trees and waters, and the magnificence of nature, so that, at last, these things became, as it were, a part of her being, and she pined for them, when absent, as the divided heart pines for its other half. When she grew to her tenth year, her parents removed to the city, but, annually, at the leafing of the trees, she was accustomed to go to her birth-place, where she remained until the cool evenings of autumn drove the family again to town. Everything, therefore, that was beautiful in nature came to be associated, in her mind, with the notion of the summer time. The first breath of reviving spring, with its warm, south, *summerly* feel, brought to her visions of wild roses blooming on the cliffs, and all the delights of her romantic country life; for she would climb the hill side like a young chamois, and row about, all unaccompanied, the whole day on some lonely mountain lake. But one summer she was in Europe, and could not visit her native valley. She came back with a severe cold, which soon settled on her vitals. She was not at first considered dangerous, and she whiled away the tedious hours by anticipations of her delight when summer should come around, and she should return to her

native hills again; for it seemed, she said, as if she had been absent from them for years. And, as her disease advanced, this feeling settled into a devouring passion. She could think or talk of nothing else. "When will summer return?" was her constant question. In her dreams she fancied herself back again in her loved valley, and often woke her sister at midnight by her tears of disappointment. Every morning her first inquiry was about the weather. When the snow whirled down the deserted streets she drooped and grew desponding; but on those mild days, that often appear in the dead of winter, she was like a bird just come back to his native groves, and made all hearts in the household lighter with her gaiety. As the season drew on, her spirits rose to an unbounded height, and when March, at last, returned, her joy could scarcely be restrained. But then came a reverse. Suddenly she grew worse, and, once or twice, it was thought that she was dying. But she revived, still to dream of the summer, longing for it "as the hart panteth for the water brooks." She knew now that she had not long to live; and though, to one so young and beautiful, it might have been thought that death would come an unwelcome visitor, she repined little, and seemed only to wish to survive until the summer time. Over the wreck of her early hopes, over the loss of her cherished friends, over the separation from brothers, sisters, and parents she shed no tears: they were dear to her, and she parted from them with pain; but the all engrossing passion of her heart was to see her native hills again bathed in the golden sunshine of the summer time. It was her prayer that they would bear her thither; and after many misgivings at the effect of the fatigue on her weak frame, the journey was undertaken.

They who have travelled up the Susquehannah know the exquisite loveliness of its scenery. As the dying girl recognized each familiar object her eye lighted, and the glow of enthusiasm came to her cheek. But it was only for an hour or two at noonday that she could be carried out from the close cabin of the boat to gaze on the landscape, for the weather, with that sickleness peculiar to our climate, had suddenly grown chilly again, and winter seemed about returning to assert a longer sway. One morning there was a white frost on the deck, and the cool air from the hills drove all within the cabin. How the sufferer's hopes fell! She counted the few sands yet to run from her heart, and felt that not many hours more would be allowed to her on earth. Should she never again behold her darling summer time?

She grew delirious. Her talk was incoherent and melancholy, but through the tissue of dark

thoughts ran a golden thread—it was a wild dream that she should see the summer time. Her friends feared that she would not hold out until the end of the journey, and hastened on. Before they reached their destination she had sunk into a state of stupor, from which they vainly tried to arouse her. The fatigue of travelling, joined to the agitation of her spirits had totally exhausted her, leaving her family no hope that she would revive even for a moment, before she died. In tears they bore her to the home of her infancy, and laid her down in her own quiet chamber.

It was evening. There had been another sudden change in the weather, and the air was now balmy and from the south; it was just such a day as this on which we are writing. They opened the casement, for they knew how she loved the pure air. It was the Sabbath, and the bell of the little church suddenly began to ring for evening service. The sound had been familiar to the sufferer from infancy, and as it came stealing on her ear, an expression of pleased surprise dawned on her face, which had lately been so vacant. She stirred, held up her finger, and listened, like a child when it hears sweet music: then as chord after chord of her memory vibrated to the tones, a look of enthusiasm burst gloriously across her face, and, rising unsupported in bed, she gazed enquiringly around. One familiar object after another met her eye, and a smile of ineffable joy irradiated her face. She looked to her mother and murmured, though like one talking in a bewildering dream,

“Is not this home? Surely, it is home, mother.”

Her mother sat on the bed supporting her, but was unable to reply for emotion. The dying girl saw it not, for her attention had been drawn to the window, through which the soft, south wind, laden with fragrance from the early blossoming garden trees, stole gently, filling the room with balmy odors, and playing caressingly with the hot brow and dark tresses of the sufferer. The bells had now ceased, but sounds as strangely sweet still met her ear. She heard the low murmur of the neighboring stream, the rustle of leaves, the hum of early bees, and other dear and familiar tones. Far away she saw her loved hills bathed in the mellow gold of the evening sunshine. Her passionate desire seemed fulfilled. Brighter and more glorious grew the look of rapture on her face: she raised her hands, and spreading them out toward the landscape, said,

“It is summer. Did I not say I should live till summer?”

She looked triumphantly around, her face, glowing with extatic joy until it shone as that of an angel: and thus, for a full minute, she continued

gazing from face to face. Oh! who would break, even if they could, her glorious illusion? What though the tears of the spectators fell like rain! She saw them not, for the all absorbing thought of her mind was that the summer time had come. And when she sank back exhausted on the pillows, that look of high enthusiasm still glowed on her face; and when they put their ears down to her moving lips to catch the almost unintelligible words, they found that the same idea still ran through her mind. She was talking of heaven, where, she said, it was always summer time. And so, murmuring, she died.

We have not the heart to write more.

THE TWO COUSINS.

A TALE.

It was a beautiful morning in June, when Helen May stood as a bride before the altar of that village church, with which so many of her happiest recollections were connected, and round which so many of her youthful associations were twined. And noble in form and bearing was he to whom her plighted vows were given, who stood there with a deeper beauty than that of youth on his brow, and a more passionate and thrilling emotion than tame or common place affection stirring at his heart. There was an exulting tenderness in his air, that well suited one who had gained the dearest object of his wishes. A handsome and happy couple they were pronounced by their friends, while congratulations followed each, for the world loves those who possess its paltry treasure, and as favor usually follows the fortunate, the worth and beauty of the bride was declared more than earthly, even of one so honored and wealthy as Somerville. And truly a brilliant and radiant loveliness was that of Helen May; yet notwithstanding that over her rich and sparkling beauty no change seemed to have passed, there might be traced a working of strange but subdued feelings on that young face. It was not the drooping timidity of a bride, for the head was raised as proudly, and the eye flashed as brilliantly as ever, and in her clear deep voice no faltering could be discerned, when she made the accustomed responses. Still the color flushed and faded rapidly from the fair brow, and once her slight form thrilled with convulsive emotion, and the tear trembled in her dark eye, while her quivering lip seemed to indicate that there were feelings connected with that period, which the strength of a woman's heart might not bear. But the expression of suffering passed from her face, and her lip curled slightly, as in contempt of her own weakness. Oh! this is wretchedness! to bear, to suffer, to struggle alone! to garner up a bitter and secret grief in our own heart's, that the world may never know, and for which it has no balm,—to feel the spirit broken, and the feelings chilled by one sudden overwhelming sorrow in the very springtime of life, and yet to go on the dance, with the hollow smile curling on our lip, and the false merriment of our own voices mocking that lone desolate misery. There were two only in that crowd who could know the weight that crushed Helen even to the earth, as she stood before that altar, in the jewelled trappings of a bride; the envy, yet delight of all, and of those there was only one who looked on her with sympathy, and trembled as she asked herself this question. If the ambition of a mother had not exacted too great a sacrifice from her child! If instead of insuring happiness, she had not procured her lasting misery? And when that sorrowing and repentant parent looked back on an earlier period in her own history, when she thought how she herself once stood before that shrine, in youth and beauty, not like her daughter a reluctant sacrifice to a mother's pride, but with

the glowing fondness of a woman's heart for her first and only love, she could not bear the bitterness of such thoughts, and turned away. The ceremony passed, and the bright smiles and merry tones of every one about her, even Somerville seemed to Helen as deriding her misery. She was alone, unhappy and unpitied, but that was a hidden thing. None from her manner knew the secret of her heart; yet when before leaving the home of her early years, she sought her own room, all her courage utterly failed her, and she threw herself into her mother's arms, in an agony of weeping.

My Helen! my child! exclaimed Mrs. May, only say that you forgive me! that I have not made you wretched! My ambition has misled me Helen! I did not dream of this. I thought you must be happy with Somerville. But now I see how wilfully, how blindly I have erred.

No! no! my mother, exclaimed the devoted girl, you have done all for the best! I do not feel as you suppose, it is merely leaving home, going away for the first time, when we have been all the world to each other.

Alas! my child, is this a time for deceit? Refuse me not now my only solace, your confidence. Tell me that you shall hereafter love Somerville, and forget ———.

Mother! do not say that name! you have said rightly this is no time for deceit, I will speak firmly, yes, I am convinced that Stanley never loved me, never! It is all a delusion! and must be forgotten, and shall. I was a fond and silly girl, and dreamt I was loved. Loved! what a world did that word awaken in me! Perhaps it was all wrong, and wild and romantic, but then I never thought that such as this would be my wedding day! And Stanley must have seen my folly, and despised it, as I was told he did, and for that reason perchance he came to day. Oh! Mother! for Stanley to come and see me married! and Julia Somers too with her cold lip, and deceitful smile. I saw them, and felt nerved to bear anything, every thing. But strange thoughts, and faint recollections came over me, till I spurned my own weakness. But to see Somerville, so happy, and feel that I was deceiving one whom I should reverence. To behold him so full of hope and confidence, and know that were my heart all unveiled before him, that hope would be changed to distrust, and that confidence to madness. And then I thought of the past, and could not realize that all this had taken place, and they all gathered round me, and even familiar faces looked strange. But no more of this, it is all right. I shall be happy yet, farewell mother! and God bless you!

Mrs. May could not reply, and thus went Helen forth from the home of her childhood, neither by word nor look adding to the misery of her unhappy parent—oh! could we look through the scenes of mirth, and the abodes of power, and pierce the sanctuary of the heart in those whom the world

calls blessed, how should we sicken at the mocking gaities, and the false splendor of life.

Lonely was the house that Helen left, to her deserted mother. Who could stand in the place of her beautiful and joyous child? who could thus share her pleasures, and sooth her woes. And who from the mother's heart could extract the bitterness of the reflection, that it was her hand, even hers, which had strewn the path of her child with thorns? For well did Mrs. May know that never had Helen formed a dream of happiness from which Stanley had been absent, or imagined a path in life where they should be separated. They had been companions in childhood, and grown up together, and their hearts had unconsciously mingled. But the ambition of Mrs. May had always pictured for Helen a brilliant lot in life. She had worshipped her child with a proud and endearing fondness, and could not think of her as sharing the lot of one in an obscure or middling station. She looked with admiration on her daughter, a mother's eye can elevate even ugliness and deformity with beauty, and how will it worship it where it does exist. Mrs. May was not a weak minded woman, though a proud and fervid feeling one; it was not for her to see Helen growing up day by day more lovely and beloved, without a thrill of the heart, to behold her just budding into the full beauty of womanhood, standing as it were, on the threshold of a new existence, with the thousand fancies of youth kindling in her eyes, and the deeper feelings of a maturer period just awakening into life; full of hope and promise, looking forward to the future, and yet basking in the present. All the hopes of the mother were placed on Helen, and for this reason—Mrs. May had never treated the attachment of Stanley to her daughter, which she could not fail to see, with any serious attention, and had shown by her manner when Somerville first avowed his passion, that the star of his rival must set.

She knew Stanley to be impetuous, and high spirited, guided by passionate feelings, whose course he did not restrain. Deploring therefore as she did the affection of Helen, she yet believed that it would be easily eradicated by the appearance of caprice or coldness in Stanley. To him, therefore her manner indicated her sentiments. and he, who had never made an open avowal of his feelings, imagined that the views of both were the same, and spurning the idea of being trifled with, and despising the woman who would barter her heart for wealth, he forsook the object of his early choice. Helen who knew not the cause of his altered manner was far too proud to show that it affected her, and in the hope of alarming his jealousy, and showing her resentment, accepted with more readiness every attention Somerville offered her.

Proud, heartless girl, exclaimed Stanley, unconsciously aloud one evening, when their mutual indifference had been too openly displayed to pass without observation; how can she sport thus with my feelings? Can she have wholly forgotten the past?

The past! Charles Stanley can you imagine for a moment that would weigh with a fair lady in the scale, with such an unexceptionable match? When the gods send golden opportunities, let man improve them, said the malicious Julia Somers, the cousin

of Helen, who had long seen with jealousy the empire which the latter had acquired over the heart of Stanley whom she herself admired. Be it so, said the disappointed and proud young man. I trust I have no lingering vain attachment for one who would despise the homage of such a worshipper, and little esteem can be left with me for one who is so willing the first opportunity to immolate herself on the shrine of wealth.

You speak harshly my dear friend, answered the fair confidante; you must not condemn poor Helen, her mother has always wished her to make what she calls a great marriage, and the dear girl has always had the desire to gratify her mother in every thing, especially in this. Besides, what beautiful woman is ever insensible to admiration? Somerville has a proud name, a large fortune, and is besides a stranger—what claims on a woman's heart? Words that from you would be so familiar to Helen, that they would cease to excite emotion, from him come fresh and bright with all the charm of novelty. Happy for those who thus find worshippers at every shrine—that one image can thus efface another; but alas! what could the admiration of strangers be to those who cling to the old friends who regard, though they may neither love, nor admire them, a deep sigh followed these words from the artful speaker, and a crimson blush burned on her cheek at the answer of Stanley, who could not but feel grateful to the only one who seemed to sympathize with him in his feelings.

Regard, Miss Somers is better because more lasting than either love or admiration; and great beauty may well be spared, when the kindness which every day makes manifest gives our friends consolation even in their most bitter hours.

You confuse me Mr. Stanley, I do not understand you! but there are those whom it would always be a pleasure to sooth, and it may be to serve, and I would only say that in the latter case some of your friends have not been idle, and if Helen forgets her early attachment, it will not be for the want of one to remind her of it. But look there, what homage! exclaimed the treacherous girl, pointing to Somerville, who was at that moment gazing on Helen's face with a thrilling look of admiration and extacy. The sight maddened Stanley, just as Miss Somers intended it should. From that moment his resolution was formed. He would seek no explanation from Miss May, he would forget, even as he was forgotten. Forgotten! oh! how different is the love of man from that of women! with one "rude touch" he effaces the past from his recollection and it troubles him no more. There is deep selfishness in his love; it is not for him to cherish an unrequited and hidden passion in his heart—to worship any idol longer than it gives an answering smile; no! it is for him to turn from the present image when a fairer form is nigh; he is seldom disinterested in his attachment; he seldom like woman loves without hope, or return, it is not for him to preserve a likeness in his heart, all undimmed and pure through years of anxiety, suffering and hopelessness; as she could content to abide by her early choice, pouring out the riches of her love on the wilderness, and feeling the fire of her own heart consuming her.

And Stanley was continually offended by the

gossiping remarks of his acquaintance on Helen's approaching marriage, together with her fine prospects, he was sickened by the daily praises of Somerville, always ending with, "*he was so rich.*" The heart of Stanley was turned into bitterness by these frequent returning vexations nor was the matter made any better when some good natured friends would say, "Ah, Mr. Stanley! we forget what your feelings may be! 'tis said you once were not indifferent to the charms of Miss May yourself."

Let me assure you then, answered the impatient young man, that such an assertion was entirely groundless, I never thought of Miss May in any other light than that of a friend. Why Mr. Stanley you surprise us! was the reply, you were always walking and talking with her,—every body said it would be a marriage. Every body then was mistaken said Stanley, for I have no idea of marrying every young lady I walk and talk with. Heavens! what flirts men are! a thousand times worse than women; I must look after my poor girls, said a provident mother after Stanley had turned away; who knows but somebody may pay them just such attentions, and then say afterwards he meant nothing by it? It was not so in my day; when a young man came to see us, we always supposed he had a motive for calling, but now they change their minds once a week.

The words of Stanley were eagerly repeated by Julia, till they reached Helen's ears with every possible embellishment that the malice of Miss Somers could invent, for the two cousins heartily hated each other, and so did their mothers before them. There was a difference in the characters of each. Mrs. May the mother of Helen had been in youth extremely beautiful, though always proud and wayward in her habits, but high toned in her feelings, full of warm and rich affections. Loving mirth and the promoter and active manager of a thousand ridiculous scenes. She was every where courted and followed, not the less so that the fortune she brought her husband, added to his own station and considerably enhanced her importance in society. During the first years of her marriage she had but one grievance, and had any one have asked her to make a list of her misfortunes this would have remained there alone, and that was the existence of Miss Charlotte May, her husband's sister, who being a few years older than Mrs. May, and many degrees uglier, was not so pleasant an inmate as might have been wished; a fact which Mrs. May yet contrived to keep a secret from her husband. Husband's relations are commonly plagues, but Charlotte May was a perfect pest, for priding herself on her skill in housewifery, of which Mrs. May knew little and practised less, and withal of a curious and meddling turn of mind, she would have worn out the patience of many a calmer and more rational woman. A notable woman is always a torment to her acquaintance. but a sister like Charlotte, exercising that strange espionage over all the concerns of the family, looking out so diligently for all her brother's goods and chattels, the peculiar shrug of her shoulders when any thing was done, and the original and foreboding lifting up of the eye brows, when any thing was left undone, would have deranged the nervous system of any woman or any wife. Mrs. May hated espion-

age, hated busy bodies—therefore most cordially hated Charlotte. It made this grievance more bitter to treasure it up in the recess of her own heart; for to whom could she complain? Certainly not to her husband, about his own sister; neither to her friends, for how ungenerous that would be? Thus no relief appeared, till Charlotte, to the surprise of all, cut the matter short by marrying Mr. Somers, a man every way her inferior; and thus found for herself another "habitation and home."

Thank heaven: she is gone! ejaculated Mrs. May, but what a marriage! now I hope Henry will be so angry as to drop all connection with her. I always disliked her, and shall be glad to order my household in peace, without her eagle eyes wandering over every part of it. Unluckily for Mrs. May's peace of mind, her husband did not cast off his sister's friendship, for committing matrimony: the intercourse was yet kept up, and in time Helen's mother found her advantage in it. It gratified her natural love of mischief and wayward disposition to visit on the head of the repining Mrs. Somers the sins of the offending Charlotte May. In doing this Mrs. May fairly out Heroded Herod, for her natural activity prompted her to leave no stone unturned to bring her quondam sister to repentance. It gave her particular satisfaction to enact the scenes of by-gone hours, to look over Charlotte's house, stare at her husband, and quarrel with every article she bought. Mrs. May delighted so to hold the mirror up to conscience; dropping in every other morning, starting up to view at every cross corner, and always happening to place her visage just before her tormented sister at the very moment when that unfortunate being wished her at the bottom of the Red sea, with her customary salutation of oh! never mind Charlotte! I only came in for a moment, don't trouble yourself for me! Somehow I am always unlucky in choosing a time, but you know I never had your excellent judgment.

The daughters of these ladies it may be imagined did not grow up with any very cordial feelings of regard. The difference even in their personal appearance was too striking not to be galling to the proud heart of Julia. She saw Helen beautiful and accomplished, she felt that in person she was far inferior, and knew her plausible but deceitful manners made her an object of dislike and aversion. The death of Helen's father, by sundering the only link that had united the two families, operated to prevent entirely the intercourse which as it gave no pleasure, could be of no use to either. But when afterwards by incessant struggles, Julia gained admittance to the same circle of society in which Helen moved, she was perpetually mortified by the homage paid to her cousin. In the case of Stanley there was a deeper feeling, she loved him more warmly than one so selfish could be supposed to love, and hence made it her business to widen as far as possible the breach between Helen and her former lover. In this she was too successful, the impatient Stanley maddened by her hints was goaded on to show Helen in every possible way that her empire over his heart had ceased. Helen had accepted in thoughtlessness, the attentions of Somerville, till she found herself too deeply involved to recede with honor. Her mother urged her wishes and it was not in vain. She yielded! but

even then her heart had relented, had she not seen among the spectators whom chance or curiosity had brought to the church on the morning of her marriage, the erring, but still too deeply loved Stanley. He had come there as a last trial, he wished to show the being who had trampled his affection in the dust, that the sacrifice was over. He wished to see the last scene of the drama consummated. We pass over the first years that followed Helen's marriage, the gaities that awaited her, the pleasures in which she mingled, and the wealth of which she found herself the mistress, till even the ambition of her mother was quenched by fruition, and she looked on to feel like her daughter that such things could not satisfy the heart. We would hurry our readers to another scene.

The sun was setting brightly over the little village of A——, and its rays fell on two mansions, each differing, like their inhabitants from the other. The one was an humble white cottage, with the sweet honeysuckle gracefully wreathed over it, and the flowers blossoming in wild and lowly beauty round the door, telling that woman's hand, and woman's heart had been there employed to ornament the scene, and throw over it the charms of poetry. The other was a proud and handsome mansion, but not like that low cottage, decked by the hand of taste. The grounds round it were laid out in a costly and expensive style, but the charm, the grace, the sentiment was wanting. It told of wealth, but not of beauty.

And who were the residents of these dwellings? In the first lived Helen with her husband and her son, a beautiful and buoyant child of ten years of age. So it was! a change had come over the fortunes of Somerville, he was no longer wealthy, and they had moved to this sweet and lonely spot, where both had enjoyed more happiness than in their proudest days: for it pleased Helen to lay aside the gaudy trappings of wealth for which she had been sacrificed. Say not that love is quenched by the hour of adversity. Then is the time for it to burn brightest. Between Helen and her husband, though on her part there had been esteem and admiration; and on his an idolizing fondness, there had been little sympathy till now. Their hearts had not met and mingled,—but now when the trials of every day life sent each to extract from affection, a balm for the bitterness of woe, when the daily care called for the daily sympathy, the scene altered. The fairer and better parts of Helen's character were all called into action, she waked up from the soul absorbing grief of her own heart, she felt inspired to make Somerville happy and his home the abode of peace. And on his part was it nothing to have such a comforter? To come away from the daily toil, the daily bitterness, and pour out his whole heart to her, telling her of his exertions, his sufferings, his hopes till the low roofed cottage seemed a sanctuary, and his home a paradise of bliss? It may be by the low minded and the selfish that such enjoyments would be thought poor, and such cares and the deprivations that usually attend them, esteemed chilling and hard but we say that to those of a higher mould they would be otherwise, for never yet was a fine spirit quenched by the hour of trial.

And Helen lived contentedly here soothing and encouraging her husband watching her flowers and see-

ing her child grow up before her in health and peace.

And to whom did the prouder mansion belong? To Julia! she had married Charles Stanley, he had gained wealth by his own exertions, and it seemed strange that these three whose lot had before so differed, should thus be thrown together after the lapse of a few years and in such different circumstances.

But neither did the prosperity of Julia, nor the presence of Stanley awaken any repinings in Helen. When they met, her brow was just as calm and holy, and her eye as clear, for she had wrestled with her weakness and overcome it, she had knelt at her Father's throne, and he had given peace.

Over both of the dwellings of which we now speak, there was the shadow of sickness, but over Helen's the presence of death! Each of the cousins were then watching by the couch of a sick and suffering child, the oldest son of Julia was ill of a dangerous fever, the dearest hope, and the only child of Helen was lying at the point of death of the same disorder. It was Julia's lot that night to mark the smile of health and peace steal over the features of her child, to behold him from that period gaining strength, and once more blooming bright in her path and yet to think not of thanking Him who had raised her child from the grave. It was Helen's destiny to know that night her child was sealed for the tomb. It was her's to view hope pass away like a dream, to see the eye close, and to feel the brow chilled,—it was her's when the morning came, to gaze upon the dead! to behold the curls stirred lightly on the fair forehead by the breeze, and to see the morning sun gleam on the pale and beautiful face.

It was her's afterwards to see her child committed to the dust, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection; it was her's to kneel over his grave, and submit her heart to the Father of spirits, who had so tried her. To review her early life, her reluctant union, her bitter and disappointed love, the different portion of Julia, to see her in possession of all that once seemed desirable to her, to gaze on her son, who had been the playmate of her own child, and see him living, and yet to murmur not, but pray that He who had smitten would heal, and He who had sent the trials, would sanctify them.

Need I tell the rest of this history? Need I relate how she who trusted in God was recompensed? and she who thought not of his mercies felt her hopes pass as the wind? The husband of Julia died; she was left with a bare competence, her children grew up in error, her eldest boy brought sorrow and shame to her, her sun set in darkness; and in the last wretched days of her life it was the sympathy of her forgiving and generous cousin that consoled her.

And Helen! let us tell that her last days were her best, she was recompensed for her sufferings; wealth returned to Somerville, and a prouder mansion was again theirs, other children rose up around their path, and called them blest. They were united in heart, and Helen looked back with wonder on the days when she could sigh to be called the wife of Somerville. They were happy and it was for Mrs. May to feel her dying hours soothed and cheered by this consciousness, and even then to gaze on the fair brow of her child and read on its calm lovely surface how blessed are the pure in heart.

ALTHEA.

THE TWO GRAVES;

A SKETCH OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

NEAR the close of a fine autumnal day, in the year 1822, a pleasure-boat was seen gliding over the bosom of one of the romantic lakes, in the western parts of New York. As it approached the shore, the inspiring sound of the huntsman's horn was heard, and ere its prolonged echoes had entirely died away among the surrounding hills, a panting deer leaped from a thicket and dashed into the lake, to elude the close pursuit of a pack of hounds. The pleasure boat immediately joined in the chase; and on overtaking the exhausted stag, a struggle ensued, which threw two of the females overboard. Several of the gentlemen immediately plunged into the water, and, without difficulty, effected their rescue. On the return of the party to the village of —, this little incident gave rise to much merriment, and elicited some sparkles of wit,—having just enough of the romantic to make it an amusing topic of conversation.

The most conspicuous member of the party was a beautiful bride, in honor of whose recent marriage the aquatic excursion had been projected. A short time previous to her union, Anna C— had returned from the excellent female academy at Troy, to a joyous welcome beneath the paternal roof. Uniting, in a high degree, those moral and personal attributes, which constitute the essential charm of woman's loveliness, she was not less esteemed for the beauty of her person than the extent of her intellectual attainments. Her young affections had already been taken captive; and, just as she was entering with buoyant hopes and quickened impulses, upon that delightful period of life which usually intervenes between the time of leaving school, and the assumption of the cares incident to a family, she was led, a gay, timid, and blooming bride from the hymenial altar.

William Bancroft, once her juvenile playmate, now her youthful husband, was a junior, but promising member of the bar, in his native village.

The incident connected with the pleasure-boat, however amusing at the time of its occurrence, was, in its consequences to the bride, of an eventful character. Her immersion in the lake resulted in a cold, which being neglected in incipient stages was attended by a troublesome cough, united with other symptoms of pulmonary disease. Medical advice was obtained; and, the usual remedies having proved unavailing, the mild climate of the West Indies was prescribed. Preparations for the journey were speedily made, and in a few weeks the lovely invalid and her devoted husband embarked.

For two days, borne onward by favoring gales, she bounded merrily over the waters. On the morning of the third, while becalmed in a dense fog, the report of a gun disturbed the silence of the ocean, amid whirling volumes of smoke and vapour, an armed schooner was descried, with the flaming pennant of piracy floating in careless folds at her mizen peak. Preparation was promptly made

for battle: and the unceremonious salute returned with ardor and effect. The second fire from the pirate raked the deck of the Triton, and suddenly deprived her of her gallant commander. After a few more rounds the pirate ship closed on the Triton's bow, and swinging astern, brought the combatants in the fearful array of yard-arm and yard-arm. The attempt of the buccaniers to board, was met with a spirit of determined resistance; the mate and Bancroft, leading on the hardy crew, fought with desperation, until overpowered by numbers, they were compelled to yield, and suffer themselves to be manacled and driven below, while their dead and wounded companions were carelessly tumbled into the ocean.

"A rope—quickly—bring forth the mate!" was the first and stern command of the pirate chief, as he deliberately raised his fur cap and wiped the blood from a finely expanded forehead, that had been severely gashed during the contest. When his order was obeyed, for a brief space he gazed upon his victim, with an immovable countenance, and then pointed with his cutlass to the yard. The next moment the convulsed and quivering limbs of the mate were swinging high in the air—one deep, agonizing groan was heard, and his body hung lifeless before the jeering crew.

The pirate again pointed to the hatchways, and Bancroft was brought upon deck; the same stern command was repeated. A rope was passed around his neck, and the heartless executioners were about to consummate the horrid act, the frantic Anna, pale, emaciated, with dishevelled hair and streaming eyes, rushed upon the deck, clasping the knees of the lawless chief, besought, in the impassioned accents of a phrenzied spirit, the life of her husband. Until then it was unknown to the marauders that a female was on board, and the appearance of the distracted wife, in such a scene of blood and carnage, startled for a moment even the leader of the band. Her appeal was not in vain. Bancroft was speedily released, and with his exhausted partner, removed on board the piratical schooner. The Triton being hastily plundered of her more valuable articles, was scuttled and sunk, with many of her unfortunate crew confined under the battened hatches. As she went down one wild scream was heard to issue, like the shriek of suffocation, from that last living tenement of the dead, and the circling waters closed over her forever.

To retain Bancroft and his wife on board the buccanier was incompatible with prudence; to throw them into the sea, after impliedly promising them protection, was a degree of faithlessness that even the leader of the band felt unwilling to manifest. To land them on one of the little desolate islands presented almost the only alternative. This was done on the succeeding day, the pirate sending with them a liberal supply of provisions, to-

gether with the greater part of their baggage. They were landed on one of the Bahama Keys, uninhabited, wild, and sandy, but affording some of the fruits and flowers of the tropical regions. The first act of Bancroft was that of constructing a hut for their accommodation, which in a temporary manner, he soon accomplished by means of a few ropes and a portion of an old sail that was luckily attached to their trunks. When removed into her humble habitation Anna looked around, and, with a placid smile beaming in her countenance, remarked, "with you, dearest William! I can be happy even here." Touched by such evidence of devoted affection the husband folded her in his arms, unable to express his mingled gratitude and affection.

The afflicting incidents of the last few days had evidently quickened the ravages of disease upon the wasted form of the suffering invalid, who was, nevertheless, far from being sensible of her critical situation. Her husband watched unceasingly over her rude couch, soothing her with the tenderest assiduities, and witnessing, in speechless agony of soul, the returning hectic flush, and sunken eye, the certain and appalling harbingers of approaching dissolution. The afternoon of the eighth day presented them with a succession of scenes of deep interest, sublimity, and horror. The emaciated patient having risen from her pallet with unwonted strength, aided by her husband, walked towards the sea shore, to enjoy the refreshing breeze. Here they remained contemplating the ocean, whose gently heaving billows were reflecting the beams of a fiery tropical sun, until a dark cloud that had, for more than an hour, been visible in the western horizon, began to spread with a lowering aspect, far up the heavens: a brisk wind was agitating the waters, and the sea birds careering to and fro, in frantic gambols, chanting as it were in joyous frolic the sailor's funeral dirge, gave a fearful omen to the approaching storm. Suddenly their attention was arrested by some objects far off upon the ocean, and they were soon delighted to behold two vessels with crowded sails, standing towards the island. While dwelling with the liveliest emotions of joy, upon the prospect of an immediate escape from their desolate situation, the startling report of three guns, in rapid succession, told the anxious spectators that the vessels were enemies, and that their hopes of a rescue were much diminished. A severe cannonading, every sound of which stuck like an ice bolt on the heart of the trembling Anna, now followed, and marked a desperate running fight. The pursuing vessel gained upon the other, which seemed to have no alternative but that of being captured, or suffering a shipwreck upon the breakers. When the schooner, for such proved to be the chase, her pursuer being an armed brig, approached within a league of the island, her main-sail was suddenly dropped, and the long-boat launched, and rowed rapidly towards the shore. As the boat parted from her side, a column of smoke began to ascend from the deserted schooner, which, with telegraphic precision, indicated that she was on fire. The brig no sooner perceived this than she tacked, and stood off to the windward, to avoid the conflagration that was evidently about to spoil her of her anticipated prey. The rapidly increas-

ing smoke that rose in tremendous majesty, from the burning schooner, ascended, for the space of a few minutes, in one unabated volume of blackness, when it was suddenly illuminated by the bursting of a vivid flame from the deck, mounting in swift convolutions to the mainmast head, which resembled the apex of a huge column of fire, surmounted by clouds of smoke, wove into fantastic wreaths, with braids of flame. In an instant the schooner seemed to burst into atoms, and to fly like the ignited particles of a skyrocket crackling high in the air. The report of the awful explosion, that, to the rapt imagination of the excited couple appeared to convulse the island and the sea, gradually died away; the burning fragments of the vessel were quenched as they fell into the water, and the expanding volumes of smoke rolled off majestically to the leeward, and were imperceptibly blended with the shadows of night.

The sun was now sinking beneath the horizon: his lingering rays still tinging the circle of the ocean darted in a thousand hues through the waves, as they broke in foaming white caps, dancing in the breeze. The heavens, as if mocking the impotent strife of man, continued to gather blackness, and the wind raged with increased violence, dashing the tumultuous waters in reckless fury on the shore. At a short distance on the lee of the struggling boat a ledge of rock projected into the ocean; and the last glimpse of the little bark, that Bancroft could catch through the brief twilight, descried her drifting towards the reefs which flung the spray far into the air.

When morning came Bancroft looked out on the ocean, but no trace of either the long boat or the ship could be seen, he wandered down to the water's edge, where he was pained to discover the frail bark drifted high on the beach; and pursuing his search, he found a lifeless body still floating and rocking in the last feeble surges of the ocean. He immediately recognized the pirate chief, all doubts of whose identity were removed by finding on his forehead the wound inflicted in the battle with the Triton, and in his pocket the gold watch, of which the rover, had divested him soon after his capture. He removed the body beyond the reach of the waves, and there hastily buried it in the sand, that his enfeebled wife might not be shocked in beholding the corpse of him who had so cruelly added to her cup of bitterness.

Returning to the couch of his wife, Bancroft found her unusually weak in body, and depressed in spirits; and, upon learning that neither the boat nor pursuing vessel could be seen, and that the promised means of escape from the island had vanished, her voice began to falter, she sunk calmly back upon her pillow, and before mid-day her gentle spirit ceased to animate its mortal tenement. The doating husband threw himself by her side, where he laid until the morrow's sun beamed brightly through his hut, as if chiding the gloom of its only living tenant. At length, with a heavy heart, the funeral preparations were made; and towards sun-set Bancroft sorrowfully engaged in the performance of the last melancholy offices, which bereaved love is permitted to render to the object of its adoration. He dug the grave beneath a palm tree, close by the door of their hut, and affectionate-

ly strewed it with a profusion of wild flowers and evergreen. And now, for the last time, the disconsolate husband gazed on that face,

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair;"—

for even the withering touch of disease had not power to destroy its lineaments of beauty:

"Her's was the loveliness in death,
That parts not with the parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A glided halo hovering round decay."

The corpse was carefully wrapped in a winding-sheet, formed of canvass that had sheltered her wasting form from the tropical rains, and then placed in its lonely grave. The companionless husband returned to the silent apartment sad and exhausted. For the first two days he lingered around the grave of his buried love, indifferent to the calls of hunger, and reckless of every thing, save that of dying upon the sod that covered her earthly remains. On the third, he once more discovered a sail approaching the island, and, having made a signal, a boat was sent on shore. The ship proved to be an American merchantman, passing from Rio de Janeiro to the United States, in which Bancroft returned to New Orleans. On reaching that city, his system yielded to disease, and for several weeks he was confined to his bed.

Partially restored to health, he embarked, in the early part of February, 1823, for Louisville, on board one of the larger class of steam-boats. Between Natchez and the mouth of the Ohio, about ten o'clock, on a dark night, in the midst of a violent snow storm, and while running under a heavy press of steam, she struck, in the impetuosity of her course, one of those formidable planters, which, at that day, were so destructive to the commerce of the western waters. It passed directly through the bottom of the boat, entered the fore-castle, and was broken off, partially checking her headway. At the time of the accident most of the deck passengers were asleep, those of the cabin being engaged in various kinds of amusement. The shock was sudden and tremendous. The sleeping were aroused in dismay, and all were filled with unutterable horror. The boat was instantly turned to the shore, from which she was distant but a few rods. The extent of the injury was promptly ascertained. When she neared the beach, one end of a cable that lay coiled on her bow was fastened to a tree, no one, in the hurry of a moment, fraught with such imminent danger, thinking to inquire whether the other end was made fast. The boat swung round in the rapid current, and soon the treacherous cable ran out,—the lost end fell splashing in the water, and the agitated passengers saw the almost certain prospect changed, in the lapse of an instant, to immediate and remediless destruction. A scene of tumultuous confusion ensued. The long-boat was filled with passengers and rowed to the land, but unfortunately losing an oar, it was not returned in time to afford any further assistance to this perishing mass of human beings. Some plunged into the cold stream to save themselves by swimming; some clung to the willows; while others threw themselves upon the firewood and such articles of furniture as

was most likely to bear them up. The raging of the storm, the deep gloom of the night,—the prayers and shrieks, and expiring groans of such as were sinking beneath the turbid waters,—the confusion and despair of those clinging to the trees, or still standing on the wreck, presented a scene sickening terrific, indescribable! In a few minutes the Tennessee filled with water and sunk, and, in one mournful hour, not less than sixty of her two hundred passengers were hurried from time to eternity.

A few days after this melancholy occurrence the body of Bancroft was found not far below the fatal spot. It was known by discovering, suspended on his bosom, the miniature likeness of a beautiful female, with her name engraven on the gold with which it was encased.

The grave of William Bancroft, indicated only by a rough stone, on which are rudely traced the initials of his name, stands beneath a towering sycamore, on the south bank of the Mississippi, near the Walnut Hills.

THE URSULINE CONVENT.

Who has not heard of the outrage perpetrated at Charlestown? A community of helpless women attacked, and, with a large number of female pupils, compelled to flee in the darkness of night from their abode, escaping at the peril of their lives, from the rage of lawless men, who were demolishing the pleasant dwelling, with its furniture and dear memen-

108, and who did not feel their fury satiated till the buildings were sacked and burned, the beautiful and cultivated grounds ravaged and trodden down, and even the tomb, the sanctuary of the dead, violated !

Such was the first awful act of the drama ; the conclusion must, inevitably, carry shame, sorrow, and suffering to many a heart, and into families, who little dreamed that their sons would, within sight of Bunker Hill, bring dishonor upon the American name, by the commission of a crime which has no parallel in the history of civilized nations.

Some may think that the various journals have sufficiently discussed this affair ; but besides its importance as a violation of the public peace, it appeals directly to the sympathies of our sex ; it is a cruelty, a wrong to woman, at which every female heart must revolt, being committed against women who, by the regulations of christian society, are entitled, not only to the protection of the laws, but to the protection of man also. These feelings must prompt every lady, protestant as well as catholic, to condemn the outrage. Still, in order to judge correctly of its causes and consequences, information is necessary, and this we have taken every means in our power to procure. The result we will give in a sketch of the Convent and its catastrophe, and, believe that the details, many of which we have learned from the Superior, cannot but be interesting to our readers.

The Ursuline Convent was established in Boston in 1820, under the care of Madame St Joseph* as Superior. The order of St Ursuline are, by their religious profession, devoted to the education of female youth ; consequently, the institution was, to all intents and purposes, a female seminary. This is an important feature in conventual life, which we American protestants rarely consider. We think of nunneries as places of prayer and penance, superstitious rites and idle observances ; we talk of nuns as beings shut out not only from the enjoyments of society, but from its useful employments also, condemned to exist without pursuits, pleasures or hopes that relate to this world. Such may be the case with some of the most rigid orders, the Trappists, for example, but as relating to the majority of those who take the veil, it is an erroneous idea. The nuns are neither idle nor useless members of the State. Those who are not devoted to the instruction of the young, are employed with their needles, and in curious and

* Madame St Joseph died in 1823, and was succeeded by Madame St George.

tasteful fancy works, which are sold for the benefit of the order. In this way they earn their own support. But teaching is their great business, and in all Catholic countries nunneries are now almost the only boarding schools where young ladies are educated. Till the time of Madame Campan, we believe, no female seminary, except the nunnery was known in France. And many noble English protestant families sent their daughters thither to be educated, because of the superior advantages which these Catholic institutions offered in all that was then deemed the requisite accomplishments of a high bred lady. To some of these conventual seminaries particular immunities were granted, on account of their being selected as places of education for the princesses of the blood royal. And surely some regard is due from our sex to that order of women who, through the ages of ignorance and darkness, devoted themselves to the instruction of female youth. True, the system was very defective, but it was the best which the state of society permitted.

Whether the convent is a fitting place for the education of the daughters of our free citizens, is a question for parents to decide. There can, however, be no question that the Catholics of these United States have the right to establish such seminaries if they choose; and we never heard there was any objection when the Ursuline Convent was opened in Boston for the admission of pupils. It was a new thing, and probably the romance connected with the idea of living in a convent with real nuns who had taken the vows, and wore black veils, and kept themselves apart from the world, had some effect in procuring pupils. The success of the experiment was soon certain; but the building in which the nuns resided was not in a pleasant situation, and they concluded to leave the city, and establish themselves where they could have gardens and grounds for those exercises and recreations which are so indispensable to the health of children and sedentary persons. In pursuance of this plan, they purchased an estate of about twentyseven acres in Charlestown, and in nearly the centre of their grounds, on a hill which they named Mount Benedict, they erected a spacious and handsome brick edifice. Hither they removed in 1826, and entered zealously on their labors of improving their property, and 'rearing the tender minds' committed to their care.*

* The number of pupils was fifty; the nuns, ten — not more than was necessary to manage the school.

The situation of the place they had chosen was splendid ; Mount Benedict commanded the most varied and delightful scenery ; Charlestown, Cambridge, Boston, the river and the harbor with its islands, might all be viewed from the windows of the convent. But when they purchased the estate, its ' capabilities ' was all it had to recommend it ; Mount Benedict was a rough, bleak hill, and the land around a broken looking waste. In eight years the institution and its grounds were the admiration of strangers, and the pride of the catholics.

The school, in the meantime, had continued to increase. During the last year more pupils had been offered than could be accepted. The season had been propitious ; their gardens were in a state of high cultivation ; everything around them looked beautiful and flourishing, and nothing portended the destruction which was at hand.

* * * * *

On Monday evening, August 11th, the inmates of the Ursuline Convent, in number sixtysix, retired to rest at the usual hour, half past seven. All retired, with the exception of the Superior, and one sister who was a watcher by the bedside of an invalid nun. The Superior felt some anxiety ; she had heard rumors that an excitement was gathering against her, on account of transactions which were reported to have taken place at the convent. Though she was conscious of her own innocence, and had been solemnly assured, only a few hours before, by the selectmen of Charlestown, that she and her house were safe, and had nothing to fear ; yet her responsibility for the young ladies committed to her care, could not but make her anxious.

The ostensible cause of the excitement was briefly this. A few weeks previous, one of the nuns, Mary St John, had, in a temporary fit of derangement caused by illness, left the convent, and repaired to one of the neighboring houses, where, it was said, that she complained of being unhappy, and desired to be taken to a family in West Cambridge. Thither she was carried by the persons to whom she had appealed. The very next morning she expressed to her brother her desire to return to the convent ; and did return willingly, and declared that she had no recollection of going away, or of anything which had taken place in relation to it. Yet the circumstance that a nun had gone out from her convent, was the theme of much gossip and many terrible surmises. Among other rumors, it was confidently stated, that Mary St John was a young nun who had

been over-persuaded to make the profession ; that she stipulated before she returned to the convent, that she should not be obliged to assume the black veil again, but should, in three weeks, be dismissed honorably, and allowed to return to her friends. It was farther stated that her friends had called for her at the time named, and she was not to be found !

This Monk Lewis story was mostly a fiction. Mary St John had been a nun for nearly thirteen years — she is exceedingly attached to her profession, and no persuasion could now induce her to leave the sisterhood. She has no recollection of expressing a wish to depart in three weeks ; nor was she ever denied to her friends.

But these rumors were abroad, they had reached the Superior, though she did not consider them entitled to any attention, till they appeared in the shape of a newspaper article.

The same day, (Saturday the 9th,) the gentleman to whose house the nun first repaired, came to the convent, stating the excitement abroad, and requested to see Mary St John. This the Superior readily granted, and also permitted him to go over the whole house, and examine the cellars, where, it was reported, the horrid dungeons were situated. He found nothing to justify suspicion ; the nun assured him she was at perfect freedom ; that she staid from choice ; and he promised the Superior to lay before the public, on Monday, a statement which would clear her, and remove or silence all these unfounded, injurious reports.

On the next day, one of the Selectmen of Charlestown came to the convent, requiring to see Mary St John, and to be allowed to examine the buildings. The Superior felt loth to have him take this liberty on the Sabbath-day, but she was aware that popular excitement is not apt to be very reasonable, and that should she refuse him, the clamor might be raised that she was not prepared for his search. So she summoned Mary St John to attend him, and permitted him to examine every part of the premises. He too, professed himself perfectly satisfied that all was right, but stated that it would be necessary his colleagues should also examine the house. They came on Monday afternoon, three Selectmen, accompanied by two other men, saw and conversed with Mary St John as long as they chose, and were shown throughout every part of the establishment, from the cupola to the cellar. They assured the Superior that they were convinced of her innocence, and of the falsehood of the charges against her house,

that they would take immediate measures to clear up the mistake ; and that she should not be molested. Accordingly the household retired to rest in peace.

But this calm was soon broken. About half-past nine the Superior heard loud shoutings, and the terrifying cry — ‘ Down with the Convent ! Down with the Convent ! ’

She called to the nuns to rise, and had herself only time to reach the window of an upper front apartment, when twenty or thirty dark forms came rushing up to the dwelling. She demanded what they wanted.

‘ We want to see the nun who ran away. ’

The Superior sent instantly for Mary St John, but the alarm had been too much for her weak nerves — she had fainted.

The Superior then expostulated with the rioters on their savage conduct, in thus assaulting a community of females ; she pointed out to them the danger they were incurring, and the punishment they would bring on themselves by thus attacking, in the night-time, a peaceful dwelling-house, and she inquired if they had not learned from their Selectmen, the falsehood of the rumors about the nun.

‘ No, ’ was the reply, and then some one in the crowd added — ‘ Mr Runey (one of the Selectmen) opened the gate. ’

The mob, however, retired from the house ; they were not then sufficiently wrought up for the onset, and the firmness of the Superior seemed to awe them.

But they soon returned, in greater number, and with loud threats and horrid imprecations against the Superior. She was again at the window ; and now Mr Runey appeared among the rioters, and requested her to put herself and household under his protection.

‘ Have you any authority for our protection from the other Selectmen ? ’

He said — ‘ No ’ — but added that he would protect her and the children.

She replied that the children had been committed to her care by their parents, that she could not give them up to him ; but that if he had the power to protect them, she begged he would use it to disperse the mob.

‘ I will do what I can, ’ was his answer : and he probably did exert some influence, for the mob again retired without doing any mischief. This might be somewhat owing to their fears. They inquired of the Superior, when she commanded them to depart, if she had armed men in the house ? and she, see-

ing that they were cowardly did not undeceive them. But a poor frightened lay-sister exclaimed that they were entirely unprotected.

Whatever reasons induced the rioters to retire, the sequel showed that their malicious purpose was not abandoned. A signal fire soon blazed in front of the convent, and the mob again rushed forward, armed with stones and clubs, and began to demolish and dash in the doors and windows.

Never till this moment, had the Superior believed the rioters would proceed to violence ; but she now saw that she must abandon her dwelling to their fury. Her chief concern was for her pupils, the young girls that, like frightened birds, were flocking around her. We have said one nun was an invalid. Her complaint was consumption, and no hopes were entertained of her recovery, yet she was able to walk about, and occasionally perform some duties as an instructress — that very day she had given lessons in music ; but terror now rendered her helpless ; and in that state she had to be borne from her room. With great exertions the pupils were all collected, and the Superior saw them out of the house before she would leave it. The ruffians had already made their way in, and rushed first to her apartment, so that she was compelled to abandon all her valuables, plate, jewels, watches, and a large sum in money, which, after her pupils were safe, she had intended to secure.

The trembling exiles, thus driven forth in darkness, and not knowing where to flee for shelter, retired first to a green-house, at the bottom of the garden ; but the mob, with loud shouts, were seeking them ; the Superior tried to escape by a side gate ; this was also guarded by the rioters ; and she, finally had to creep through a small opening, made by removing the paling from the garden fence, and with her household, some of the little girls in very thin clothing, make her way through the damp fields, for the distance of half a mile, till they reached the house of Mr Adams, where they were kindly received, and humanely comforted through the remainder of this dreadful night.

* * * * *

Let those who wish to know what the unbridled passions of lawless men can effect, go to Mount Benedict, and look on the desolated grounds and blackened and crumbling ruins, of that spot lately the abode of youth and beauty, where all around was pleasantness and peace ; and they will feel that

without *law, liberty* is a word of horrid import, and that, unless the voice of public opinion is deep-toned and decisive against this outrage, no religious community, no literary institution in our land is safe.

If private pique, prejudice, rumors, are to guide the popular mind, and direct the popular arm to crush the suspected, without trial or appeal, the reign of Nero would be preferable to that of democracy.

It is strange that *all Christians* do not see the danger of permitting any *one sect* to be persecuted or injured, without endeavoring to do it justice. There is a spirit of infidelity and anarchy abroad in our land, and if it can prevail by violence, to destroy one sect, and do this with impunity, it will soon gather strength for further attacks and bolder measures. The Catholics must be protected, or the Protestants will not long be able to hold their own faith unmolested, nor to worship in the temples their fathers have built and consecrated.

We make these remarks, not that we are inclined to catholicism, but we would practice that rule which enjoins us to do to others as we wish to be done by. We certainly should not select a catholic seminary as the place of education for our own daughters; yet candor obliges us to say, that, from all we can learn of the system pursued at the Ursuline Convent, we think it offers, when compared with 'Young Ladies' Seminaries,' in general, its fair proportion of advantages. The fashionable accomplishments, that is, whatever renders woman attractive in society, have always been sedulously attended to in a conventual education. The nuns teach by example the gentle and graceful movement and the soft low tone of voice, and in these particulars might be advantageously recommended as models to all instructresses.

It should be borne in mind, that there is no standard of female education; we have no model schools, founded by public beneficence, like colleges for our young men, to regulate the system, or rather introduce system into the order of those studies and pursuits which should be requisite to form an accomplished woman. Female education is left entirely to private experiments, to chance, caprice, and the shifting breath of fashion; and it is not to be wondered at if the prevailing style is superficial, showy, and often useless.

There have been some remarks, in the public Journals, relating to the impropriety of protestant parents placing their chil-

dren at a catholic seminary, and thus virtually training them in the catholic faith. Solicitude for the right moral instruction of young females can scarcely be too watchful. It is all important that the heart, soul, and mind of woman should be imbued with the pure and holy sentiment of her duty to God, and the responsibility which her influence over the character of others imposes. But let us be just to the catholics. The Superior, in her prospectus, engages to instruct her pupils only in the broad principles of christian faith and practice in which all persons who believe the Bible, can unite ; and we have good reason to conclude she has adhered, scrupulously, to these conditions. Of all the protestant young ladies, and there have been several hundred educated at the Ursuline Convent since its foundation, *not a single individual has embraced the Catholic faith !*

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A TALE OF THE FINE ARTS.

SOME time since, at one of the artists' conversations which are held in London, I recognized an individual whom I had previously known at Rome. He was considered, in that metropolis of the arts, a young man of first-rate genius; and certainly those of his productions which had come before my notice, I thought fully entitled him to lay claim to so exalted a character. We became intimate, and were much in each other's society. I found, as I listened to his observations on his favorite study, which he idolized with an exalted enthusiasm, that, to the exquisite taste and mature judgment he evinced on every subject connected with the art, he joined a highly poetical imagination, and a mind well stored with the treasures of classical literature. When I left Italy we parted with mutual regret, and I proceeded on my travels, leaving him to continue his studies with every probability of his soon becoming famous. Since then I had not heard from him, although I was frequently an ear-witness of his praises: the joy, therefore, with which we met may easily be imagined.

I observed a strange alteration in his person and features. When I left him he possessed a handsome athletic form, eyes flashing with animation, and a countenance whereon the hues of health and manly beauty had been mellowed beneath the influence of a southern sun. He now appeared thin and pale, a shadow of deep melancholy enshrouded his features; and his gaze, which used to make all glad on which it fell, forced the spectator to participate in the wretchedness it expressed; he was evidently suffering from illness.

"Good God! Arthur," I exclaimed, as I approached him, "what has caused this fearful change? Have you been ill?"

He seemed pleased at meeting me, but did not answer my question. I repeated it, and with a forced laugh he answered me that he was very well, laying an emphasis on the two last words. He then changed the subject, and we talked of old times and old adventures; our troubles after Raphaelles and Salvators among monasteries and palaces; and our dangers in search of the picturesque among mountains and brigands. He entered into the conversation, but he had lost all that sparkling vivacity which had always made him so agreeable a companion. He smiled occasionally, when I brought to his recollection any odd incident which had previously given us food for many hours' laughter; but the smile was so faint, that it only showed more vividly the suffering it attempted to conceal. It was quite painful to me to observe the change which had taken place, and my heart ached as I listened to his broken voice.

I received the most pressing invitations to visit him frequently, of which, on the first opportunity, I gladly availed myself; for all my sympathies were awakened for his appearance, and I thought if I could find out the cause of the alteration, I might

possibly discover some remedy which would restore him to the health and happiness he had previously enjoyed. On my first visit he showed me several of his productions. Many of them were grand, some remarkably beautiful and all gave signs of extraordinary genius. The subjects were mostly historical; but there were some landscapes and imaginative compositions, and a few portraits; they possessed a richness of color, and a correctness of drawing, rarely equalled in modern painting. His figures were designed in a masterly style—his females particularly; they were worthy of the highest praise, and possessed a character of intellectual beauty which made one feel disposed to worship them as beings of a superior order. One painting only he neglected to show me; it was in his *studio*, carefully veiled with a green curtain. I thought it at first rather strange that he should pass it unnoticed; but imagining it to be unfinished I made no remark upon the subject.

I afterwards visited him frequently. The only real pleasure he seemed to enjoy was, when I sat by his easel while he was busily employed, and read to him the best classic authors; but his health did not him improve. He seemed declining rapidly, and I began to fear he was laboring under the effects of some malady which was secretly undermining his constitution; yet he never complained, and when I asked him if he was ill, he would always reply in the negative. He took but little nourishment, and drank very sparingly of wine. At last he seemed wasting away so rapidly, that I found it impossible any longer to restrain myself from interfering, and determined, at any risk, to get at the knowledge of the hidden mischief, whose effects appeared every day to me becoming more dangerous.

One day after I had been reading Plato to him in the original, to whose philosophy he listened as if his soul was bound up in the words, I laid the book aside, and addressed him in the most kind and persuasive language I could use, while I watched to observe what effect my discourse produced.

"Arthur," said I, "it is evident to me that you have some secret which is ruining your peace of mind, and destroying your health."

I observed that he trembled, and changed color, but did not speak.

"Pardon me," I continued, "if I am intruding upon your private thoughts. I am influenced by a regard for your welfare, and I cannot retain the sacred name of a friend, if I see that you are miserable, and attempt nothing to render you happy."

"Happy!" he exclaimed involuntarily, but with such an expression of anguish as can scarcely be imagined; and then relapsed into silence.

"I knew you," I proceeded, "at one time, when you seemed not to have a care in the world; when your heart was buoyant and your step light. I now find you like one who, in the world, has no occu-

pation—whose soul is oppressed with a multitude of griefs—and whose foot clings to the earth as if the limbs were rooted to the ground. I am certain that some heavy disappointment has fallen upon you, on which your happiness chiefly depended. I do not desire to participate in your secrets from feelings of idle curiosity; I am actuated by motives of a far higher character; but I must say, that I consider you very wrong in keeping your afflictions to yourself, when there is one beside you who is ever ready to share them, and to offer whatever consolation it is in his power to bestow."

He shook his head mournfully, as if to intimate that the remedy was beyond my aid.

"You ought to be convinced, my dear friend," I continued, "that the encouragement of any secret griefs is wrong; there is a selfishness about it; it generates misanthropic feelings; is often followed by consequences of a debasing character to the moral excellence of the human heart; and I must think that mind little influenced by the golden truths of philosophy, that can continue in a practice so contrary to social love and generous fellowship. I know that you will not take offence at anything I can say to you on such an occasion as this, when I can regard nothing but the human wreck which I see before me, and can desire nothing but a speedy return to 'all its original brightness.' You may reply, perhaps, that there is a luxury in the sole enjoyment of grief; but it is one that should not be indulged in. Anything carried to excess is injurious—the feelings and passions of humanity particularly so; they create a delirious poison that runs through the blood infecting all the channels of vitality, till the heart and soul are deprived of all their social qualities under its withering influence. For what are we endowed with reason, my dear Arthur, but to show how far we are superior to the rest of the creation, and to keep us from acting under the blind impulses of passion? You have allowed your feelings to get the better of your reason, and a morbid sloth has overpowered your better nature. Shake off this incubus—shake it off, I implore you." I observed a slight twitching of the muscles of the face as I concluded; his eyes glistened; he laid hold of one of my hands with a convulsive grasp, and nature after a short struggle, triumphed. He turned away to conceal the weakness he had evinced, and I returned him a cordial pressure of the hand. I allowed him the full indulgence of his feelings, knowing that their influence would go farther towards producing the state of mind in which I wished to keep him, than all the eloquence of which I was master. At last he broke silence.—

"I had thought," said he, in a voice tremulous with agitation, "that the secret would have gone with me to the grave; but it is for the best, perhaps, that it should be divulged,—therefore I will tell you all."

He seemed as if he was preparing himself for an effort, and then continued—

"In my early youth I became acquainted with a young lady, whose beauty I will not eulogize, because you will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself. I loved her: we were both young, but I was, by a few years, her senior; and in a short time she returned my affection with all the devoted-

ness of women's first love. We lived within a short distance of each other. My family had once moved in a sphere of the highest respectability, but misfortunes had humbled them, and they were obliged to find associates in a different community. Her father had amassed a considerable fortune by the most industrious habits, and in his old age continued the same employment with as much perseverance as he had practised in his youth. As long as he saw his family comfortable and his business productive, he cared not how the world went, and never interfered in domestic matters. Her mother was a vulgar and ignorant woman, of a tyrannical disposition who considered wealth the only sign of respectability; she ruled everywhere. She took care that her children should be educated as well as money could make them, in the hope of their forming alliances that would increase her importance. Laura was the youngest of them all; it was strange that a form and nature of such rare workmanship should have been produced from such materials; but nature loves to disappoint the calculations of philosophers. She had but one brother, who was a few years older than herself; he was the counterpart of his mother in all things, and consequently her idol. It is almost needless to say that I was objected to by them: but this rather strengthened Laura's affection than the contrary, and we met clandestinely, and corresponded through the agency of her servant."

"At a very early age I had given evidence of a talent for painting, and I was educated for that profession. I have already told you that my family had been unfortunate; another reverse of fortune occurred, which obliged them to leave that neighborhood for ever. At that time, having, I knew, nothing to depend upon but my own exertions, I thought that the world might suspect me of interested motives in retaining the affection of a young girl whose expectations were so far superior to my own; therefore, after a long and painful struggle with my feelings, I came to the determination of discontinuing the connexion rather than throw myself open to such debasing suspicions. I wrote, and resigned all claim to her hand and heart; as from my situation in society I was unable to offer her those advantages which I felt convinced she had a right to expect. Then, in language that can never fade from my memory, she replied—'When you have lost all affection for me, then, dearest Arthur, tell me that you cannot offer what I have a right to expect; and she who now feels in calling herself only *your* Laura, will no longer style herself by so enviable a name.' This silenced my scruples, and I resigned myself to the delightful enjoyment of loving and being loved.

"Some envious wretch, like the Evil One, when he beheld the felicity of our first parents, had witnessed our happiness only with a design to mar it—he told her family of our secret meetings. They were of course, very much enraged, took advantage of Laura's absence to break open her writing desk, and there discovered several of my letters. Laura was instantly sent for, overwhelmed with abuse, which she bore with the meekness of an angel, and made to indite a very angry letter to me, the purport of which was to reprove me for my presumption in daring to aspire to an alliance with her family,

and to forbid any further correspondence. When I received it, it caused me much anxiety, and I began to believe in the general sickleness of womankind, but the next post brought me a letter from her full of womanly tenderness, and of words—

‘Sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes,
Or Cytherea’s breath.’

It cleared up the mystery.

“Although she was watched with the most rigid espionage, and suffered every indignity from the family, because she would not promise to renounce me, for two years we continued to correspond with, and at intervals to meet, each other. She improved in beauty, and I in my profession. I studied long and earnestly for improvement, for I thought that only by attaining eminence I could prove myself worthy of her love. About this time her letters began to be less frequent, and our interviews at longer intervals. Yet in speech and in writing she seemed as kind as ever. At last she told me that our correspondence must be discontinued, as her mother had quarrelled with the faithful servant by whose agency it had been carried on; and as she had been dismissed from her service, no letters of mine could come to her without being discovered; she concluded her letter by saying—‘I allow that time does make changes, but it never—never will in my regard for you: and I tell you, my dear Arthur, that while I can hear that you still remain firm in your affection to your Laura, no power on earth shall force me to give my hand to another.’ Although I could not, but regret that the only channel between us was no longer available, these assurances of her unalterable attachment convinced me of her sincerity, and I felt assured that the absence of my letters would make no difference in her regard for me. I placed the most unbounded confidence in her truth.”

As he concluded the sentence, Arthur linked his arm within mine, and led me before the picture, which I have noticed as the one concealed by a curtain.

“So deeply,” he continued, “were her features fixed upon my memory, that wanting to paint a picture from the story of Abelard and Heloise, I made her as a study for the latter and endeavored to trace upon the canvass those charms which had made so lasting an impression on my heart. I had had then no opportunity of seeing her, but she was ever in my thoughts; therefore, from memory I am indebted for the strong resemblance which the portrait bears to the original. There is no composition with which I have taken so much pains; I lingered over it like a mother over her first-born; I touched, and retouched it, and endeavored to bestow upon it all the exquisite finish of a Gerard Dow. I have lately closed the painting from view, because it became too painful a mockery for me to bear.”

With a trembling hand he drew aside the curtain, and I never beheld anything so lovely as the being before me; the atmosphere seemed to grow bright, as if a burst of sunshine had flashed upon the room. Heloise was designed as rising from a couch, on which she had been reclining, while her lover, kneeling at her feet, had, in the passionate eloquence of verse, declared the eagerness of his

love. Her hair was light and of a glossy hue, parted off her fair and open forehead, and rested in luxuriant tresses upon her dazzling throat and swelling breast; her eyes were of that deep rich blue that seem born of Heaven, from their resemblance to the fair clouds which veil it from our sight, and were filled with that deep and earnest expression of womanly tenderness that subdues the heart on which it falls. Beauty seemed to breathe in the swelling outline of her form, and passion appeared to dwell in the melting fondness of her looks. Her dress was in the picturesque costume of the twelfth century, allowing the graceful shape of the limbs to be seen beneath its folds. The room was decorated with tapestry, on which were delineated subjects from scriptural history, and the rich light which fell upon the eloquent features of Heloise came mellowed through a window of painted glass, whereon a virgin and child were drawn in clear and fadeless colors.

I looked upon the painting with unconcealed rapture: it was a master-piece. It appeared to possess all the flowing richness of color which belongs to the Italian school, united with the exquisite finish of the Flemish painters. I think I should have gazed at it till nightfall, entranced in admiration, had I not been started by a heavy sigh. I hastily let fall the curtain, and turned round; my friend had sunk into a seat; his face was buried in his hands, and his attenuated frame shook with violent convulsions.

“Arthur?” said I, taking his thin hand in mine, “what ails you?”

“Nothing,” he replied, faintly, catching his breath at intervals, as if something impeded his respiration, “nothing—nothing—my friend: ’tis a slight attack to which I am sometimes subject, but it will soon be over; there—there—I am better now—I am much better—I will go on with my narrative.”

“No, no, Arthur,” I exclaimed, observing the agitation he was endeavoring to control, “you can continue it at some other time.”

“Perhaps not my friend—perhaps not,” he replied; “I dare not trifle with time.” He made a violent effort to conquer his weakness, and then with assumed composure, continued. “Soon afterwards my productions attracted the attention of a certain nobleman, well known for the liberality with which he patronizes the fine arts, and he was so pleased with my compositions, that, after a short acquaintance, he offered, at his own expense, to send me to Italy to pursue my studies. This was a temptation I could not resist, and I soon accepted his generous offer. Although I sought frequently, I found no opportunity of having an interview with Laura before I left England; but when I arrived in Rome I determined to confine myself to one object, that of rising in my profession, for the sole purpose of becoming worthy of her affection. The name of my noble patron was a passport to every *palazzo* in Rome, and I quickly availed myself of its influence. I studied the glorious creations of the antique till I felt imbued with the spirit of their beauty, and the immortal designs of the great painters I had before my eyes, till I became familiar with every excellence they possessed. There I found the best living models to draw from—a woman as lovely as the Ma-

donnas of Raffaele, and men as finely shaped as the Deities of Canova.

"Three years I remained in Italy, seeking for eminence, and in some degree—in a degree which gave me a proud and happy consciousness of having succeeded in my endeavors—I obtained it. Yet Laura was never absent from my remembrance. I fed my heart with hopes of creating a name and fortune worthy her acceptance. I yearned for distinction, only for her sake. I was happy with all around me. I had obtained honors and rewards above my expectations, and I looked forward to the possession of Laura as the crowning gift which would give a value to the rest. She was present with me at all times, and in all places, and shed a line of beauty and excellence over all I did. If I wanted to design any figure possessing extraordinary grace, I thought of her, and creations of more than earth-born loveliness rose upon the canvass. It was her to whom I looked for inspiration; and all bright thoughts and glorious imaginings were centered in her remembrance. Visions of beauty thronged upon my mind, freshly bathed in the sunshine of her delicious smiles, or newly glorified by the soft brilliance of her enamoured eyes.

"The time drew near for my return to England, and I busied myself, during my voyage home, with delightful anticipations of my coming felicity. I thought of the joy with which she would welcome me after so long a separation, and seemed to behold the lustre of her dove-like eyes dwelling fondly on my own. I hailed the white cliffs of Dover, shining through the mist, for bringing me nearer to her presence. My fame had travelled before me; and I discovered, when I landed, that I was in as high estimation among my fellow-countrymen, as had followed my efforts in Italy. At the first opportunity I made inquiries for Laura and her family. I found that her father had died during my absence, leaving an immense fortune to be divided amongst his widow and children, who, with the exception of the son, had retired into the country. It was some time before I found out her residence, and when it was discovered, I had still greater difficulty in finding her. At last I met her by accident in town. She appeared glad to see me, pressed my hand with ecstacy, and looked up into my face with all her usual tenderness; yet, afterwards, she blushed, hung down her head in silence, and seemed fearful of being seen in my company. I would not leave her till she had given me permission to write to her, and had received her promise to answer me. I was too much wrapped up in the happiness I felt in her society, short as the period was in which we were together, to observe, at the time, those signs of estrangement, which afterwards came before my memory with all the bitterness of disappointment. My friend—it was the last time we met!"

In the few last sentences his voice faltered and at the conclusion it was so broken as to be scarcely audible: but, with a supernatural energy, he struggled with his feelings, and, in a few minutes, resumed his narrative with apparent composure.

"I wrote,"—he continued—"yes, I wrote to her, I told her how long I had loved her—how faithful had been my affection, and that my attachment could only cease with my existence. That to me all the glory I had obtained was worthless, unless

she for whom only it was sought made it valuable by sharing it with me; and I implored her, by all the happy moments we had passed in each other's society, to assure me, at once, either of the certainty of my happiness, or my misery. I waited long and anxiously for an answer. When any suspicion entered my mind of her inconstancy, I thought of all she had endured for my sake. I recalled to mind the letter she had written to me from the country, where she had been sent by her friends for the purpose of preventing any communication between us, in which she had stated that the persecutions of her relations had become quite insupportable, and the waters of a lake, round which she was in the habit of walking; looked so clear, so tranquil, and so beautiful, that she had been tempted to put an end to her misery and her existence at once: but that the thoughts of possessing my love held her back, and she felt that she could not give up my affection, even to possess peace, and happiness, and heaven. Yes, I thought of these things, and my heart smote me for suspecting her of deceit. I waited without a murmur; laid the fault of the delay on a variety of different causes, and felt assured of my coming happiness. My friend imagine my feelings when I received this letter."

With a trembling hand he gave me a note which appeared crumpled, and felt damp to the touch; it was dated more than three months back, and I read as follows:—

"You have, perhaps, before this, accused me of neglect for not having answered your note before, but I have been unable to do so. Your letter was what might be expected from you—noble and disinterested. I am grateful for your kind affection for me, though I can never repay it as you merit. Forget me, Arthur—I ask you to forget me; I am still your friend, and shall never cease to be so, but you will meet with those more likely to make you happy; you can then remember me as the friend of your adversity, and as one who would never have forsaken you in the day of trouble.

"Your sincere well wisher,

"LAURA."

"I was wondering, within myself, at the extraordinary fickleness of this girl, when my friend, with more composure than I could have expected from him, proceeded:—

"When I had perused that letter," he continued, "its meaning came with such a sudden shock upon my brain, as to derange, at once, every faculty it possessed; I was sensible only of a sudden and intense pain about the region of the heart. The rest I heard from my attendants; they were alarmed by hearing a noise in my room; they rushed in, and found me extended on the floor. For several months I was delirious: my life was despaired of; but I recovered to the state in which you now see me, to linger by a painful and declining death. What are to me fame, and name, and honor, and glory, now she for whom I sought them requires them not? What are to me the riches of the world, now her for whom I struggled to obtain them refuses to share them with me? I have no occupation—I have no incentive to occupation. The world holds out to me no prize worth struggling for, and the stimulous of earthly passions has no power over me. I am wasting away, gradually, but surely; all

the functions of the body have lost their energy, though the soul still lives in the immortality of its youth.

I went home in a most melancholy state of mind from hearing my friend's eventful history. The next morning I called upon him at a early hour. I had left him tranquil and resigned; indeed I felt surprised and delighted at his composure. When I was taken my leave, he pressed my hand with more than his usual kindness of manner, while the tears were tracing their way along his haggard cheeks. I knocked at the door as I recalled these things to my mind; the servant opened it; his look alarmed me; I rushed up stairs into my friend's bed-room, and there I beheld the unhappy man extended lifeless on his bed! On the table, near him, lay a small bottle, which had contained poison of the deadliest nature. I saw how bitterly I had been deceived by his composure of the previous evening, he had evidently premeditated self-destruction, and had assumed tranquillity to avoid suspicion. He seemed to have died without a struggle. As I was examining the corpse, I observed something glittering between its bony fingers; it was a gold locket, containing hair, and on the back of it was engraved the name of Laura.—He died as he had lived.

I witnessed the last honors paid to his remains, and then proceeded to examine his papers. He left his pictures to be sold for the benefit of his relations, except a few which he bequeath to me as a testimony of his friendship: and one which was "the Veiled Picture," he begged me to take to Laura, after he was buried, and to give into her hands at the same time the following letter:—

"I do not write either to complain or to reproach, I am as much above the one as I am superior to the other. Before these lines meet your gaze, the hand which now traces them will be cold, and the heart from whence they spring will have ceased to hold communion with the world; the dead complain of no injuries, and feel no wrongs. I write to assure you of my forgiveness, and that my last words may express, with heart and soul, and in spirit and in truth—God bless you!

ARTHUR."

With some difficulty I discovered her dwelling, and learnt that she was going to be married the following week. After asking for the young lady, I was told by the servant she would be with me immediately, and was desired to walk into a handsomely decorated room. I placed the picture in the most advantageous light, and awaited her coming. In a short time she appeared. She was fully as beautiful as she had been described: but there was a trace of melancholy in the features of the original, which the portrait did not possess. I wondered not at the infatuation of my unhappy friend, as I gazed on the charms with which this Circe had bound his existence in her love. I said nothing to her, fearing to trust my voice in her presence, but gently undrew the curtain of the picture. As soon as she beheld it, a flood of sweet recollections seemed to rush upon her heart, and her whole soul appeared absorbed in the scene before her. As she gaze upon it, she drew in her breath eagerly, so as to make her respiration distinctly audible, and her looks were expressive of the most intense interest. I gently put into her hand the letter; she took it almost mechanically but,

without taken the least notice of my presence; her eyes fell upon the characters, which she recognized and read. As soon as she had perused it through, she turned her gaze upon me with a glassiness of eye that riveted me to the spot. Her beautiful mouth became momentarily distorted; her lovely features underwent a sudden and complete transformation, expressive of the deep and silent agony, she dropped the letter at her feet—uttered a long and horrid laugh, and sunk down upon the floor in violent hysterics.

For several days she was in a state of raving madness; and though the fit left her in a precarious state of weakness, on her first return to sensibility she sent for me. She bade me relate to her all I knew of her lover. I did so; and she continually interrupted my narration with execrations on her cruelty and falsehood. After she had heard me out, she told me she was the victim of her mother's ambition. During Author's absence, she had tried every scheme to thrust him from her affections, and to bring about a marriage which she considered more advantageous. She had succeeded but too well. Laura's heart had been humbled by threats, and her life had been rendered miserable by unkindness. Receiving no intelligence of her lover, in a moment of weakness she agreed to all her mother proposed. She now exclaimed against her inhumanity, her falsehood, and her treachery, and accused herself of being the murderer of her lover. Although great attention was paid to her by her friends, she received a shock from which she never recovered; and before the day arrived which was to have seen her a bride, the grave possessed all that remained of one of the loveliest forms that death had ever disrobed of beauty.

THE VILLAGE MATCHMAKERS IN A QUANDARY.

It was early in the spring of 1820, that a schooner was seen approaching the harbor of a pleasant town in New England. Among the passengers who thronged the deck, while the vessel was taking in her canvass and preparing to near the wharf, was a young man, whose look and manner betrayed little interest in the busy scene around him. He had been rapidly propelled onward for the last fortnight, both by wind and steam, until all at once he found himself at his destined port, far away from pleasant friends and the home he loved ; and no wonder that, to him, both the present and the future wore an uncertain and a gloomy aspect.

It was expected that the vessel, which had just arrived, would bring a young gentleman of talent and worth to take charge of an academy in the place, which was already in successful operation, and which was beginning to be nursed, for those days, with uncommon tenderness. Much was said of the talents of the stranger who was now daily expected, and much benefit, it was confidently hoped, would result from his active co-operation with the friends of the academy. Mr. M., one of the trustees, was now among the crowd upon the wharf, eager to show the stranger due honor, by conducting him to his house and offering him every thing convenient for his future accommodation. However disinterested and courteous his intentions really were, it seemed good to Him ' who knoweth even the thoughts and intents of the heart,' to counteract them. After carefully scrutinizing the party on deck ; and bestowing two or three searching glances upon the young man whom we have already introduced to the reader, and who, notwithstanding his faded plaid cloak and heavy looking eye, was in reality the scholar expected, the gentleman slowly departed without farther inquiry. It seemed to him utterly inconsistent that a noble soul and a gifted mind could be connected with so little display ; and thus the stranger was left to tread his way alone in search of a stranger's home. And yet he was not alone ; an unerring Hand guided his footsteps, and before nightfall the wanderer found himself just where,

of all places, he wished to be,—fairly domesticated in the family of the good old clergyman. The advantages of the very best society, both far and near, the treasures of his private library, and more than all, the benefits of his own invaluable conversation and counsel, were now freely bestowed upon his grateful guest, and Henry Hubert found himself perfectly at ease in his new home, and deeply interested in his new labors. These were arduous and difficult, but he had never yet shrunk from exertion or fatigue, and had not now to learn that pleasure and toil could go hand in hand.

As might be supposed, the arrival of so interesting a stranger did not pass unnoticed by the people of a place whose population could not exceed two thousand. Notwithstanding his plain exterior and unpretending manners, he soon won golden opinions from the old, and cordial approbation from the young. He was always dignified, had a peculiar faculty in expressing himself happily on all occasions, and always pursued an even, consistent course. And then, in their public meetings of a social kind, he poured out his soul with such simple yet fervid eloquence, that every heart felt and acknowledged his influence. Under the inspiration of his lofty feelings, and while throwing out his earnest thoughts in his own glowing and beautiful language, it was wonderful to note the gradual transformation of his features, until he seemed almost a model of manly dignity and beauty. Such is the power of an intellect highly cultivated, ~~when breathing~~ forth the aspirations of a soul which Heaven has stamped with its own divine impress, and honored with its high communion. Strange that dress and finery should ever be resorted to as an embellishment, when the adornments of the mind can confer so much greater splendor and command such a mightier influence!

It was certainly not the belief of *all* the good ladies of N. that 'matches are made in heaven,' for scarcely was the young stranger comfortably settled in his new home, ere some of them were beginning to think him a suitable companion for one of their daughters or near female relatives. Not a few mothers gave wise hints to their daughters on the subject, and pleasant tea-parties to allure the young gentleman. At first, Mr. Hubert thought them extremely civil, and he felt extremely obliged to them as a matter of course, and divided his attentions among the old and the young, the grave and the gay, as well as he knew

how. But as the young ladies were not quite so discreet as their mothers in the movements of the game, and as Hubert possessed a good share of natural discernment, he soon saw through their plans and resolved to prostrate them all. He had a double reason for this apparently ungrateful course ; for, with all his plain common sense, there was a good deal of romance in his composition, and by far too much real delicacy of character about him, to relish the idea of ladies' making the first advances in matrimonial affairs ; and he had, moreover, already one, who, in his inmost heart, he had determined to win as his ' lady love.' Who the lady was, he had not yet ascertained, for he had seen her only at the public examination, at the close of the preceding term, where she appeared to much advantage as a scholar, though, of course, unconscious of his deep interest in her. Lest he should betray that interest, he had not even ventured to inquire her name. But so confident was he of the loveliness of her character, from gazing at her expressive countenance, that he would willingly then have entrusted his all of happiness to her care, and blessed her as his future bride. She appeared to him very young, and wholly untaught in the ways of the world ; but while the lower part of her face wore an expression of almost infantile sweetness, and her complexion had all the delicacy and freshness of early childhood, her full broad forehead and eloquent eye bespoke an intellect already highly cultivated and rich in future promise. There was something in the look and manner of the young creature before him, which invited his confidence and won his heart ; and, as he gazed, he almost fancied her fresh from the bowers of Paradise itself. He longed to win her, pure as she was, and educate her for himself, ere an intercourse with the world had sullied the freshness of her character, or poisoned the deep fount of her innocent joys.

Laura Greame was in reality somewhat older than she seemed, for nineteen pleasant springs had blended the perfume of their flowers with the breath of her existence. The retired manner in which she had been educated, the simplicity of her character, and her buoyant health, had all combined to make her look scarce sixteen. As Laura had neither brother or sister for a companion, she had amused herself in childhood by wandering over her father's grounds, plucking the wild flowers as they grew, and transplanting them to her own little flower-garden ; or in gazing at the noble river which laved the lawn in front of her father's

cottage, and tumbled over the rocks just below. Thus, with her book or her pencil and the beautiful landscape before her, Laura had felt the need of few companions to make her hours pass pleasantly and profitably away. All nature spoke a language soothing and elevating to her thoughts, and her heart had drunk in its inspiration. Nothing, as yet, had ever occurred to mar her tranquillity. She had seen and conversed with many agreeable young gentlemen, but not one had even stirred the deep fount of tenderness which lay like an unknown gem garnered up in her inmost heart. And thus undisturbed it might ever have remained, had it been her lot to mingle with beings of only ordinary capacities, and she could have never known what a blessed thing it is to feel every chord of the heart thrill with a holy, happy, and unutterable affection. She had seen the stranger, and listened to his extemporaneous addresses, until she felt that he was a noble and a gifted being. But the idea of attracting his attention had never once occurred to her; and, as to loving him—who does not know that it is contrary to woman's unperverted nature to love a being by whom she has not first been taught to feel that she has been beloved?

It was a balmy afternoon in June, and Hubert had wandered on with a companion by the side of the beautiful river which wound itself through the valley, until, wearied with their long walk, they sat down beneath an oak that threw its branches over the rapids below. It was a seat which a painter might have coveted. Just above, the river took a graceful sweep, as if to gather strength for the angry contest with the rocks below them; and farther on was a noble background of hill and mountain scenery, with clouds of every tint, giving, by their splendid drapery, a finish to all the rest.

'Will you not extend your walk a little farther,' said his friend, as Hubert rose to return to town; 'there is a very pretty girl who lives just beyond us, and we can make her a call.' Had Hubert suspected who the lady was, to whom his friend alluded, he would gladly have accepted his invitation; but as it was, he preferred an immediate return to the village, and thus another month passed away ere he was introduced to Laura Greame. But, even after this event took place, Hubert had little opportunity for some time of conversing with her. He was soon satisfied that she admitted no gentleman's particular attentions; but then it was hardly less discouraging to find her

ever under the wing of some older female friend, who assumed a kind of patronizing air, and as effectually prevented any nearer acquaintance. At length, late in the autumn, he had an opportunity of meeting her at a social evening party, and he found himself still more deeply interested in her than ever. He then resolved to ascertain immediately what were his future prospects in regard to her affection. Before taking this step, he unfolded his wishes to a married lady, upon whose discretion he could safely rely, and solicited her advice upon the subject. He wished to learn if he should be considered forward or presuming by the young lady and her friends, should he frankly and without farther delay make known to them the state of his feelings. She encouraged his hopes, but advised him to wait until she had matured a little plan which the circumstances of the case seemed to suggest. Hubert readily complied, and in a few days he was made acquainted with her plan and its success.

‘You know,’ said she, ‘that I have not always been a resident of N., and that, of course, I do not know personally so much of Miss Greame as many others must ; so I have been practising a little harmless act, for your benefit and my own better satisfaction. I wanted you to be certain that all was right, ere you commenced linking yourself with another for life, and I have been calling on all my acquaintances, and getting myself great credit for punctuality, and at the same time have introduced Miss Greame’s name in a manner to elicit their opinion. She has everywhere been spoken of in the highest terms. You can, I think, incur no risk in proposing for her immediately, and unless her prepossessions are widely different from some of our young ladies about town, you will certainly succeed.’ Hubert did not need to be told that he was popular with certain young ladies of the village ; but he considered this no proof that he was a favorite of Laura Greame, and felt far from sure that with a word he could win her as his wife.

The cold dreary winter had been passed by Laura on a visit to a distant relative, and it was not until her return in the spring that she and Hubert again met. But it was in the bosom of her family, as her accepted lover, that she then received him, and her heart had gathered in the interval many a new, and rich, and holy feeling. Thus weeks passed away in a delicious and tranquil enjoyment, while the world around were still in ignorance of their preference. It was at an evening party, compos-

ed of the very élite of the village, when Laura first suspected she was treading upon difficult ground. She saw that Hubert was the decided favorite of her sex, present, and she felt not a little amused at the marked attentions which were so generally paid him. But as yet she was hardly aware of the deep game which had been played during her absence, in which she would now be deemed an unwelcome intruder, and that the pleasant looks, which every where met her, might soon be changed to coldness or hate. Strange, that such a feeling for such a cause can ever find place in the female breast! Strange, that woman, whose heart is formed so *susceptible* of every generous and lofty feeling, should ever thus debase the noble nature, and fling from her that native loveliness of character, which is at once her charm, her happiness, and her defence! Oh, how much more it would become her to subdue every rising of selfishness or of envy, and to cultivate to their highest degree the gentle, and delicate, and lofty traits of her character, which would make her indeed, 'Heaven's best gift to man.' But, alas for herself and for the world! woman is not all she might be, nor all she *must* be, ere her influence shall shed a light and a glory which shall hallow the pathway of earth's mightiest and frailest ones.

As soon as it began to be reported that Hubert was attentive to Laura Greame, the news spread like wildfire through the village. To all it was a subject of interest, because it was unexpected; but to *some* it caused astonishment, unfeigned and deep disappointment. That Hubert should have frustrated their darling schemes, in a way of which they had not even dreamed, was not to be borne for a moment. And so they concluded that their most proper course was to take dear revenge upon Laura. For a month the village was a scene of female gossiping, such as probably has never disgraced it since. The interest was confined almost wholly to the ladies. Not a few dinners, however, were 'spoiled in the cooking' during this eventful month; and perhaps some poor husband or father, had he known the cause, might have wished Laura and her lover far away on some island in the moon, of which we have recently had so fanciful a description; and they perhaps might have thought it the kindest wish in the world, though uttered even so ungraciously. And here, gentle reader, let me say that this meddlesome and gossiping propensity, which never accompanies real mental cultivation, has spoiled more dinners, a thousand fold, than all the

knowledge of metaphysics or mathematics which woman ever has, or ever may possess. Although it is a fact so notorious as to make us blush for very shame, that every village has one or more of these female gossips or busy managers of other people's affairs, who occupy various stations in society, yet it cannot for a moment be admitted that females are more naturally *inclined* to these propensities than the opposite sex. And that they even become so in reality, is only one proof from many (of a more attractive kind, truly) that they possess minds which *must* be active, and which may do *incalculable mischief*, unless trained to *act right*. And is it strange that woman, who is so generally educated on a *narrow contracted* plan, should *sometimes* find the force of such education too strong for her undisciplined mind to overcome? Rather may it be matter of wonder, that, with all the obstacles in the way of her mental and moral culture, she takes so high a stand in the intellectual world, and sends forth so healthful an influence upon society.

For one month, with certain ladies in the village of N., the engagement of Hubert and Laura was a topic of deep and constant interest. Whenever the subject was introduced, the elder ones lifted up their hands and eyes with an expression of utter amazement, and exclaimed, 'What an unsuitable match!' Laura, in their opinion, was by far too ignorant of the world and of human nature, ever to be a proper companion for Henry Hubert. And then, she had been known to refuse several offers, which were quite as good as she had any reason to expect, and this looked very much against her. And as they looked upon their own daughters, who had been, year after year, decked out for public display, and who had never yet been asked for in marriage, they could not but wonder, that an artless girl, who had rather shunned than courted the public eye, should be thus preferred. They forgot that their present course was giving Laura one of the most useful lessons in human nature, which she needed to learn, and that it was not necessary that she should become mistress of *all* the wisdom which themselves possessed. Nor did they once dream that her very artlessness was one of her chief recommendations to the favorable notice of the truly wise and good. The younger ladies, who were personally interested in the matter, maintained towards Laura the utmost coldness and reserve, giving out, by their air and manner, that they did not even consider her as an acquaintance.

Laura was at first so much disturbed by these appearances of disapprobation, and so concerned lest she might become lessened in the estimation of her lover, that she began to ask her own heart if she could discard him, should duty seem to demand of her such a sacrifice. But her uneasiness was quickly dissipated, when Hubert informed her of the little artifice which his friend had practised upon those very ladies who now took so deep an interest in their affairs, and who, in their candid moments, had passed the highest encomiums upon her.

It was a beautiful summer evening, about a year from their first introduction to each other, when a joyous group met to celebrate their wedding. Not a cloud was to be seen in the tranquil sky, not a breeze ruffled the surface of the majestic river, which reflected, like a polished mirror, the silvery moonlight that played upon its waters ; nothing ominous of evil threw a shadow over the splendid scene. Nature seemed to have put on her loveliest attire, and to have adorned herself as for a bridal, where all was to be bright and joyous to the last. And nature, in this instance at least, proved herself a true prophetess. The life of Hubert and Laura glided on like a gentle river, over whose waters the queen of love like a summer moon presided. Not a dark cloud has ever yet appeared in their fair horizon, to throw a shade over their peaceful lot. Ask them if they are happy, and you need only see them look into each other's faces, and upon a group of beautiful children whom they call their own, and the smile and the love which beam out from their very hearts will be a surer answer than the strongest language can convey.

QUAE.

The Wedding Garment.

REVENGE, when opportunity permits the full indulgence of its energies, in man become ferocity, in women, malignity. The former, courage may overcome, patience support, or submission subdue but death only can relieve us from the virulence of the latter. Relieve us did I say? No, the breath of that baneful passion settles like a black mist upon the grave of its victim, and blasts the few flowers that may attempt to flourish around it. That person is brave, who can conscientiously say, that he fears the resentment of no man—but he is a fool who dares that of a woman. I only know of three cases in which it may be any thing short of madness to tempt a lady's vengeance: when you find yourself in the last stage of consumption; after you have been condemned; or are about to be expatriated either at your own or your country's expense—and, that I am over cautious, any who will take the trouble to read the following narrative will be ready to confess.

Beauty! thou art a dangerous, but a bright mantle—there is a fire too in thy brightness; for sometimes, like the shirt of Dejanira, thou art fatal to the wearer—sometimes like a flower that is withered up by the sun, destructive to the gazer! Of this quality, so important for good or for evil, Ann Wilkins had almost more than a mortal's share. She was the daughter of low, almost vagabond parents; of her father, she knew little—he disappeared when she attained her tenth year, overwhelmed, no doubt, in some of those gullies of filth and wretchedness that perforate the heart of this metropolis—he was heard of no more. Her mother was a practical political economist; she, in the neighborhood of Paddington, verified one of its principal dogmas—the turning into the utmost profit the *residuum*, the *caput mortuum* of the raw material, she gained her livelihood by sifting cinders—a dirty, but certainly an honorable employ—and, thanks to the carelessness of our metropolitan menials, not altogether unprofitable—as many a silver spoon and fork rewarded Mrs. Wilkins's inquisitorial researches. Till Ann was fourteen, she shook her elbows on the dusty field, in union with her mother, and looking at them, I assure the reader, that she did it with more grace than ever was possessed by the Marquis of H——, though the ivories fell from under his aristocratic manual vibrations, and ashes from hers. Yes, she was a beauty—tall, rounded, glowing; with eyes that could madden, and lips that could smile away madness. At fourteen her companions began to treat her as a woman; she no longer sifted, shoe-less and stocking-less—she gave herself airs, and begged people to behave genteelly—had a smart dress, clean white cotton stockings, and prettily sandaled shoes for Sundays—that was a foot—never mind—why should we speak of her foot, when so many, even then were thinking of her hand.

There is a great affinity between strong contrasts. A young baker, not yet out of his time, not more than eighteen years of age, saw and loved. They both were powder profusely—there was sympathy in that—the only difference was in color. Owing to our excellent poor laws, and the excellent state of morals of our poor, the effect of those excellent poor laws, these two minors committed the great mistake—marriage—and Ann Wilkins as was, and Ann Runt as is—to use the Paddington *patois*, was, at little more than the age of fifteen, a mother. Start not! This is an unexaggerated fact. The beautiful Cinderella, ere she was out of her infancy, was fast sinking down into the sickly, and the dowdy, dirty mother of low life. Then came the parish medical attendance, and the begrudged parish relief, and the obtained gin when food itself was unobtainable; the lowering look, the heavy curse, and the heavier blow of the debased boy-husband. His time was out, and his employment precarious. What God had intended Ann to be it would be impiety to presume, but what she was—what man had made her—even the evil one himself must have felt pity to behold. This was the dark the dangerous part of her life. She looked at her wailing infant—she saw it press the enfeebled, the flaccid, the milkless bosom, and she wished it dead. How she lived through these four years of rags and wretchedness she never could tell; she was not yet nineteen, when her misery seemed to have attained its horrible climax. Her husband lay ill in the last stage of a rapid decline! Whilst the man was dying, two parishes, each of which were disputing who should *not* be encumbered with his bones, refused relief.

Things were in this state when Ann, taking her child in her hand, proceeded through the crowds of the well-fed and the gay to seek redress at the hands of the magistrate against the inhumanity of the overseer. The day was bright and sunny; she was thrust hither and thither by better dressed people; she saw shops overloaded with delicate viands—her child cried for them—that cry irritated her; she was herself very, very hungry. Ye, who have never hungered, be merciful in your condemnation. On that day, at that moment her heart hardened; she, who had, through all her misery, never yet been selfish, now entered into her own soul. She said to herself, "Yes, he will die," and she was glad; "and were I free too of this whimpering brat. I am not yet twenty—my beauty may return I can shift for myself, were I but free of him?" It was a diabolical thought. She was in a crowded thoroughfare—she did not attempt to lose him;—no, I will never believe it; I am myself a father;—but she was careless, abstracted, reckless. That night she was a widow and childless.

Then people were kind to her. The overseers took blame to themselves—magnanimous souls! They had no idea that the case was one of ex-

tremity. However, they were pious folks; their pews at the parish church were decorated with crimson curtains moving upon bright brass rods, consequently they told the widow that "God willed every thing for the best," and bade her take comfort, but she could not;—her little Alfred!

Whether the parish authorities were very assiduous in their search after the lost little pauper, we know not—he was never found; but this we know, when Mr. Bloater, the overseer, met Mr. Scrimp, the vestry clerk and attorney, that evening in the well-furnished apartments of the master of the workhouse, they congratulated each other and the parish, at their good luck in getting rid in one day, of two such encumbrances as the father and the son. God had, no doubt *taken* them both—so they pronounced it a *God send*.

Let us pass rapidly over the next fifteen years of Ann's life. The housekeeper of Sir Peter Rankles, a middle aged bachelor, had heard of her story, so she took Ann upon trial as housemaid. Her beauty returned, if possible, with increased splendor. Sir Peter, after well satisfying himself with her looks, wished next to be satisfied with her story. He then gave her his countenance, because he liked her own so well; afterwards an education, as he said that he intended her to succeed his housekeeper; he was his own steward. So she was taught music, dancing, French, and Italian, in order the better to be able to check the baker's and butcher's bills. The old housekeeper opened her eyes; she however, shut them again in quiet satisfaction, upon being pensioned out of office in excellent style. People began to surmise; Sir Peter grew angry, and talked of his disinherittance. Now it was well known, that every body who knew Sir Peter, and every body who knew Ann, did not want the baronet to marry the widow of a journeyman baker so they went the very best way about effecting the match. They said "that it was very improper and scandalous," and they dared him to do it; he *did* it—only to prove that it was neither scandalous nor improper.

Sir Peter had his reward—she made him an excellent wife, and he made for her an excellent will.

At the age of thirty-five behold Lady Ann Rankles, just in the clear of her first year of her widowhood, resplendent in beauty, stepping into a well-appointed carriage, in order to make one at a dinner party in Brunswick Square. Her hostess was also a widow, the relict of a Colonel Canderson, of the Honorable East India Company's service, rich, avaricious, fond of play—past forty, and not very remarkable for personal charms. She was one of those of whose intimacy, it is the moral we wish to inculcate, that we should beware. "I never forget my friends, and never forgive my enemies," was continually in her mouth, and, at least the latter part, in her heart. For the first clause of her creed. I never knew that her friends were very grateful, how she acted upon the second will shortly be shown. To apply her aphorism to herself, I know no one of whose actions so much forgetfulness ought to have been wished, or of whom, as Christians, we should have more to forgive.

Let us now suppose Mrs. Colonel Canderson to have filled her two drawing-rooms with her evening

party, in addition to the dinner guests; that she has left the task of making them "comfortable"—a word not yet exploded in Brunswick Square—to her toady, and has made herself so at her whist-table for she has got a shrivelled, adult, roguish lawyer for her partner, and Lady Rankles for an opponent. Mrs. Canderson is all smiles, but they are glittering and false as summer ice. The appearance, the all-beautiful appearance of Lady Rankles was, on that memorable night not beyond all description, for I could describe it—but I will not. I hold the remembrance of her as a devoted lover does the miniature of his affianced in his bosom, not to be obtruded on the eye of the inquisitive, the cold, or the worldly. There is nothing like training, after all—for who could ever have imagined that those long, white, and delicate fingers, that so agitate the bosoms of the beholders, once agitated the cinder sieve? The expression of her countenance is that of a subdued joyousness. Once, or perhaps twice, in the course of the day, a little absence of manner, and a swimming of the eyes in tears that she could not repress, yet would not let fall, told, that even the summer of a loveliness sweet as her's was sometimes o'ercast with a passing cloud; yet did it not, on that account, seem the less transcendent.

But she had some dreadful hours of solitude. There, there was the throbbing of the riven heart, the wild tossing of the arms, the agonized wringing of the hands—"My Alfred, my little angel!" And in the darkness of the night, and in the world of dreams, sleeping or waking, the icy hand of retribution lay heavy on her heart, and then childless mother felt the horror of living heightened by the dread of death. How often did she scan over every moment of that fearful morning, how fearfully exact was every face painted to her, that she had met in that walk; and how she strained every nerve that seemed to cut into her tightening heart, to find out some exculpation for what she wished, but could not call, her passive crime! The fact ever came painted to her in pictures of fire upon her brain, that when she missed the little hungry sobber from her side, she did not look back until she hoped; until she knew, that looking back was fruitless. She would repeat to herself, until it was uttered in screams—"Oh! God I did not walk faster—I did not walk faster." "The flattering unction" would *not* lie upon her soul—and the horrible word *infanticide*, would quiver upon her lips. Then, when her compunction was of a more tender nature, how would she weep, weep, weep for uncounted hours, uttering only these words, "My poor, poor hungry Alfred." But these paroxysms were not of frequent occurrence, or she would have sunk under them. They were generally brought on by seeing children of about the same age of the one she had lost, weep. Miserable as all this was, she had her consolation, and that was in repentance and in prayer. It made her think of heaven oftener than otherwise she would have done, and, had it not been for this, earth would perhaps have held too much sovereignty over her.

This lovely being is now playing whist against her hostess. The stakes are rather high, Mrs. Canderson is notoriously avaricious. It is short whilst a terrible provocative of short tempers. She and her partner are really playing admirably—yet they

recriminate. Mrs. C.'s money and good-humor are fast going—there—the latter is entirely gone—that last hand did the business.

"Mr. Obit," said Mrs. Canderson, flinging down her loss with much asperity, "I think if you cannot handle parchment better than you do pasteboard, you ought not, in conscience, to undertake any man's law business. You will pardon me sir, but I never saw any one play worse."

"Madam," said the lawyer, bowing sarcastically "the blame of my loss this evening, lies between three parties, myself, dame fortune, and my partner. Of the three, I really can exonerate only myself." Mrs. Canderson was going to reply, but seeing a titter upon the countenance of the standers-by, she felt that to encounter the lawyer at polite vituperative tilting, would be out of place; so she like all cowardly spirits, turned round with her phial of wrath brim full, to pour it on the head of the humble in mind, and the meek in carriage.

"Lady Rankles," said the hostess, with a most ominous emphasis on the word lady! "I have lost to you just fifty-three sovereigns this evening.

"If it gives you pain, my dear Mrs. Canderson," she, replied mildly, "I am really very sorry for it."

"Gives me pain, indeed! I should not have thought of it—I believe, I have just as much pain at loosing this money as you have sorrow at winning it."

"Never said a truer word by Japres," said a voice from the crowd that usually surrounded Lady Rankles whenever she went in public. This was wormwood and bitter aloes to Mrs. C.; she took, however, no notice of it, but continued. "But perhaps her ladyship will have the goodness to give me my revenge at *ecarte*?"

"Why really, I had almost made a vow never again to play at that hateful game. You always beat me at it; and it is too late; but as I see that you have set your mind upon it, we will have a game or two."

"Then, I assure you, it must be for very high stakes, or I shall hold you craven; come, you have won between fifty and sixty pounds of me, and you limit the games to three; you must say twenty pounds a game."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Ten?" and the hostess began to shuffle the cards with eagerness.

"No indeed; it would go against my conscience."

"Ah!" conscience; well, some consciences that would walk through fire and water without muscle quivering, are all over nerve when they come to a card-table. Do not think that I mean to be personal, Lady Rankles."

"I fervently hope not. It really does go against my conscience, and I had already made up my mind to give the sum that I have won to-night to some charity. So you see, if you win this back of me you are winning from the poor and the unfortunate, really I am loath to play."

"Well, as you please, Lady Rankles," said Mrs. Canderson, with a fiendish malignity; but in return for your very pleasant and moral refusal to oblige me, permit me to give you a piece of moral advice. Give the money to a charity, but take, care, that it be to the FOUNDLING Hospital!"

Had sentence of death been suddenly passed

upon Lady Rankles, she could not have been more horror-struck. She knew that none possessed her fatal secret; but this dreadful allusion from this very dreadful woman's lips, accidental as it seemed to be, was like the blast of lightning. Yet with a wonderful effort, she prevented herself from fainting; and though deadly pale, she bowed her head as in submission to a chastisement from Heaven, and with scarcely a thought of her mortal tormentor, said with humility, Mrs. Canderson, I will play for whatever you please."

The hostess, again mantling her face over with artificial smiles, said, "Well then, in deference to your scruples, that I really respect, I will meet you with consideration for your acquiescence—let the stakes be but five guineas. I am a plain honest woman, 'that never forget my friends, or forgive my enemies,' and if you are going to give so largely to a charity, I sincerely wish you may double your gains." And in her zeal for the good of the poor, she commenced playing, by placing her large white handkerchief on the table, and dropping two out of the four kings into her lap. Her opponent saw it.

Ladies cheat at cards—sometimes. The young and beautiful—bless their bright eyes—do it daringly and desperately, with frankness that is quite charming. Oh! they avow it, and laugh at you. An excellent joke, if it did not cost us poor "masculine humans" such an immortal deal of money. Elderly ladies, who are preparing their souls for heaven—cheat piously and secretly, in order that they may put two shillings into the plate at the door of the chapel or church, when they have a charity sermon, instead of one. These devout ones do it secretly, because they know that they are speaking of their good deeds, "not to let the right hand know what the left doeth."—So praiseworthy an end sanctifies the means. Ladies cheat at cards—sometimes.

Lady Rankles soon lost all that she had won, and a few pounds over. Play had ceased in the other quarters of the room. Many had already left, and almost all who remained had collected round the two antagonists. The latter rose—the winner grew angry, and again began to be sarcastic. She still kept her seat and continued shuffling the cards—Lady Rankles' patience, and forbearance were fast giving way to the attacks of the other; at length, after one more rude than the rest, she said with great dignity, "Mrs. Canderson, whilst I held any of your money, I permitted you to get it back in your own manner, but I can go no farther. I cannot risk my own money with a lady, who, every deal, by accident of course, drops one or two cards into her lap.

"Woman," said the tigress, "it is false!"

"It is true!" said her ladyship, and approaching her opponent, endeavored to remove the handkerchief that lay partly on the edge of the table, and partly on her lap. Something like a scuffle ensued. Mrs. Canderson rose from her chair, and beside it on the ground lay three of the kings. At length Mrs. Canderson came up to Lady Rankles, and whispering distinctly in her ear, uttered these words—"Card dropping is not, after all, so bad as *child-dropping*?"

It was then that Lady Rankles appeared to be

the guilty party. She staggered to her chair, and seemed ready to faint. Mrs. Canderson was a great general; she knew that her reputation was at stake, and, before surprise had time to give way to indignation she ran up to her ladyship, wiped away the perspiration from her brow, kissed her on the cheek—oh! that hated kiss:—and exclaimed, “Good heavens! I trust that I have not carried the joke too far! My dear, dear Lady Rankles, it has been a jest altogether. Not one farthing of the money that you think you have lost at *ecarte*, was ever intended to be taken. Come here, Mrs. Crump, and tell Lady Rankles if this was not a planned thing.”

The toady advanced, and exclaimed with ready assurance, “To be sure, it was all a planned thing.”

“A planned thing!” echoed many of the guests, who unceremoniously departed. Lady Rankles returned the kiss of peace, took back the money, laughed at it, with a bursting heart, as an excellent joke, walked up and down the room, arm in arm with her hostess, gave her, and two or three who were near, an invitation for a dinner party at her own house, for the next day, again kissed her tormentor, and took her leave.

When they both found themselves alone one said “Gracious God! does she know my secret? Impossible—impossible! Yet she must not be provoked.” The other, “I never forget my friends, or *forgive my enemies*,” with a bitter emphasis on the four last words.

It was long before Mrs. Canderson recovered that estimation in her own set, that the transaction of this memorable night had estranged from her. However, the two widows now became inseparable. Nothing that attention, flattery, or zeal could do, was left undone by Mrs. Canderson to win the affection of Lady Rankles. She succeeded. About this time Mrs. Canderson invited to her house a Captain Templetower, a fine, handsome youth of one-and-twenty, gentle in his manners, manly in his bearing, and, with “all good graces that do grace a gentleman.” He was Mrs. C.’s nephew, her only relative, an undoubted favorite, and heir to her very considerable property. Lady Rankles admired him from the first moment that she beheld him.—Young Ernest was equally struck with the rich and beautiful widow; and though years were certainly not in her favor, in youthful appearance they seemed nearly equal.—They were a happy trio. Young Ernest was all gratitude, and love, and devotion—Mrs. Canderson all affection; her nature seemed to have undergone a change—her occasional asperity of manner to be entirely subdued—even whist and *ecarte* had lost for her half their attractions. All her energies were concentrated in promoting the happiness of her nephew and her friend. Lady Rankles had accepted him. She now began to taste a happiness at once passionate and pure;—dearly she loved that handsome youth, and richly was that generous love deserved.

But no one now appeared so joyous as the aunt. The bridal day was fixed. She had settled an ample allowance upon her nephew; so ample indeed, that she would, to carry it into effect much straiten her own circumstances; but she would listen to no remonstrances. *She would do it.*—Her friend and her nephew happy, was happiness enough for her,

let an old woman have her way; but upon one thing she must insist, that she alone should provide the “wedding dress.” This of course was readily granted, but as the day grew near, no one, not even the bride, was allowed to peep at it. There were several young persons at work at Mrs. Canderson’s, but it seemed as if they had been all sworn to secrecy; for not a word respecting this wonderful dress could be extracted from any of them.

We must not condense our narrative, or we would gladly expatiate upon the beautiful, the noble character of young Ernest Templetower, of the entrancing felicity of his wooing, and of the many excellencies of heart that this new state of feeling elicited from our old friend Ann. Now, for the first time, at thirty-five, she began to enjoy her youth: the expression is correct, for at no time did she ever feel more youthful.

It is the wedding morning. The ceremony is to take place, with a splendid privacy, in Mrs. Canderson’s drawing-room; how anxiously she paces from room to room, examining that every thing has a bridal appearance. Lady Rankles arrives; two coaches and four are at the door—every thing looks brilliant. The bridegroom and Mrs. Canderson receive her. The somewhat agitated hostess hurries the bride through the various apartments, shows her how elaborate have been all the preparations, what care has been bestowed to make the decorations worthy of the occasion and of the parties. She is taken to the windows, and again made to observe the splendor of the equipages, presents from her to her dear nephew, which dear nephew begins to grow a little impatient.

“Why dear aunt, expatiate so long upon these mere gauds!”

“Boy,” said she “Lady Rankles may never again have such sweet feelings, such unmixed enjoyment—let her drink her fill. O,” said she solemnly, “sufficient to the day shall we find the evil thereof.”

“That is an unlucky quotation, however, aunt, though from so excellent a book, for my bridal morning.”

The bride, struck with something excessively singular in the manner of Mrs. Canderson, said, “God, in his mercy, grant that it may not be appropriate.”

“Lady Rankles, I cannot say, Amen.”

There appeared now an expression so deeply sorrowful, so almost repentant in the countenance of the hostess, that it was a fearful thing, even to look upon it. She then continued. “Follow me, Lady Rankles, and you, Ernest, come with us. I am about to present to your affianced bride her wedding dress. It may not be so splendid as she expects, but it is one that she will never forget.” As they proceeded towards Mrs. Canderson’s boudoir, her gaiety had apparently returned. She used some sparkling impertinences that are so common-place on marriage mornings, that both her followers conceived that the dark cloud had passed from her. Here would I pause; but I have imposed a task upon myself, and bitter as it is, that task I will complete. Behold the three in the boudoir, the door of which the owner has carefully closed. She grew very pale, and appeared to be terrified at the act which she was about to

commit. Twice she strove for utterance, and twice nothing but an indistinct murmur escaped her lips. At length a shrill, unnatural voice, burst from her, and producing a common looking old deal box, she spoke thus: Lady Rankles, this is your wedding day. I have contrived it—and I have labored for it—I have prayed for it—and—I have achieved it—I *never forget my friends, or FORGIVE MY ENEMIES!* This day shall you be wedded, but wedded to misery inexhaustible,

“My dear aunt!”

“Gracious heavens! what do you mean?” were the simultaneous exclamations of her alarmed auditors.

“That I never forgive my enemies! This, madam is your wedding day! And that——” throwing at her feet some rags that formed, apparently, the dress of a child in very humble life, “that is your wedding dress; and so sure as God will, must punish meditated infanticide, and so sure as I stand here an avenged woman, so sure is the bridegroom that is trembling there before you, Alfred Runt, the owner of that dress, at once your affianced husband and your deserted son!”

“Monster!” exclaimed the almost petrified youth.

“Aye, monster, if you will! The curse of God, and of outraged nature, lies between you and your incestuous loves; but still she will make you a very decent mother, though she did abandon you to starve in the streets. But beware of the motherly kiss, of the filial embrace, there may be in them unholy fire. I say young man, beware!”

Hitherto had the agonized mother preserved a silence, that appeared like stupefaction, yet was not. It was the awful concentration of all direful fancies, of all horrible thoughts; but the frame could no longer bear this intensity of suffering. One long, wild shriek, escaped from her distended mouth, and she fell in a paroxysm on the floor. Alfred rushed to support her: he held her head upon one of his knees, and wiped carefully away the small streams of blood that issued from her nostrils and the corners of her mouth, and once kissed the clammy and insensible forehead of his apparently dying parent; whilst the pale witch, her executioner, stood over the group, and extending her long, skinny fingers towards him, again croaked over him her sepulchral “beware!”

Notwithstanding the dangerous symptoms of her fit, Lady Rankles slowly recovered. She rose, she rallied, and with the awful dignity of unutterable misery, she thus addressed her torturer. “Woman! you think that I am going to curse you. God, in his unspeakable goodness, forbid! I am a humbled—a debased—a guilty creature; yet as such, I will pray for you—I will bless you! See me here, in unfeigned humility, kneel at your feet, and reverently kiss the hem of your garment, for showing me this great mercy in thus stopping me short of inexpiable crime. God bless you for it! God bless you for it! and may he turn your wicked heart. Come my son, my son. My little Alfred let us leave this wretched woman. Do you know, Alfred my boy, that I am nearly forty? How could I have been so deceived? You really look very, very young. You have not yet called me —‘mother.’”

“My dear mother!” said the distracted youth, kneeling before her.

“Do you see that?” said the triumphant parent, “my boy kneels for my blessing! And what demon shall stand by and say, that I shall not bless him and embrace him!” And then, with uplifted hands, she prayed silently over him for a space, blessed him audibly, and placed the maternal kiss upon his cheek. “Now my son,” she continued, “lead me from this wretched place.” As Alfred was leading his mother reverently away, Mrs. Canderson called out to him, “Captain Templetower I wish not to quarrel with you.”

“I know you no more,” was the brief and stern reply.

We have finished. We detest windings up. The mother became happier than the wife would probably have been, the son than the husband. Mrs. Canderson could not tell the story to her own credit. How she came with Alfred for her nephew, she would not tell at all; we will, in a few words merely to satisfy the curious. She had had, many years ago, some passages of love with the late Col. Canderson. He was about to leave her when he was but a lieutenant, and she but a miss in a delicate situation, as she was pleased to say. He was honorable, and her affirmation procured her a hasty marriage immediately before he sailed for India. She duly wrote him tidings of her safe delivery of a fine boy, &c. charges of house keeping and nursing were heavy, and he duly made remittances to meet them, he was expected home daily, and the child that he had been so lavish in supporting, had yet to be sought for. Mrs. Canderson *stole from Lady Rankles*, what she then, as Mrs. Runt, would have so willingly given away.

On that unhappy morning for the then miserable Ann, Mrs. Canderson had marked her unquiet eye, her faltering step, her haggard features; she saw the child trail unwillingly after her, and too willingly allowed to lag behind. She watched her down the long street, and never doubted for a moment from her whole demeanor, that she intended to leave it to its fate. The child, as we before mentioned, was subsequently cried, and bills were posted, that fully acquainted Mrs. C. who were the parents, and she satisfied herself upon every particular concerning it. The boy was sent into the country to nurse, but Mrs. Canderson remained on the spot, almost a neighbor to the mother, of whom, as all the events of her life passed in the vicinity she never lost sight. She therefore traced her through all her gradations, and when she removed farther from her, contrived to form her acquaintance. She kept the secret inviolably from all but her husband, intending no doubt, to act as circumstances might make it necessary.

The colonel loved the child dearly, and believed it to be his own. He quarrelled with his wife one fine day—a thing nature to be expected, and she, acting up to her rule of always revenging, struck a deadly blow at his peace of mind, by telling him the truth concerning the child he so much loved. As there was entailed property in the family, he was too principled to wish to continue the deception to the injury of the heir-at-law; but treated him still as a son, though that name was changed into nephew. All the property that could be legally devised to Alfred, the colonel left. May he long live to enjoy it!

THE WEDDING RING.

BY A NEW-ENGLANDER.

THERE lived, about eighteen years ago, in a small valley, bordering on the east bank of the Housatonic river, in the state of Connecticut, Zedekiah Raymond a substantial Yankee farmer, who had amassed a handsome fortune by the industry and economy of himself, his wife, and an only son, named Joseph, who was the sole survivor of six children. Of course he was a favorite with his parents, who gave him an education at least equal to any of his neighbors; and his Sunday clothes outshone them all. Although he claimed no superiority over the poorest of his associates, still he was looked upon by many with an eye of envy. Though not tainted with impudence, he was destitute of that awkward bashfulness which characterises so many of the sons of New-England, who are strangers to the varied ways of a varying world.

At the time our story commences, Joseph Raymond was twenty-two years of age. While sitting, one cold winter evening, with his parents, around a sparkling fire, regaling themselves with apples, nuts and cider, as is customary at that season with every New-England farmer, old Zedekiah (for so he was familiarly termed by his neighbors) thus addressed his son.

"Josey, you know that I am getting old."

"Yes, sir."

"And your mother is getting old, too, and is no longer able to attend to the dairy, and do all the other work about the house, as she used to do. Don't you understand me, Josey?"

Josey looked at the fire for a full minute, without scarcely winking, and then fell to work, and eat at least half a dozen large apples, drank a pint of cider, and cracked a quart of nuts before he said a word.

"Daddy, I don't know as I exactly comprehend what you mean, but I kinder guess that mother wants somebody to help her about the house. Aint that it, daddy?"

"Exactly, Josey, and you know that good hired girls are hard to be got."

"And so are good wives," thought Josey.

"Now, Josey, can't you find some nice tidy girl, that you would like well enough to—to—"

"To marry," said the old lady, finishing the question.

Josey ate another apple, took another glass of cider, and laid some wood on the fire.

"Yes, Josey, you're old enough to settle in life; you will be well provided for—and now is the time. Your mother and I married at nineteen, without a dollar to begin with, and we have never been sorry for it yet; have we, Lucy?"

"No, Zeddy, not as I know of,"

"But, daddy, how'll I go to work to pick one? I like all the girls well enough, but hang me if I can tell which I like best. I'd rather undertake to pick a good yoke of oxen out of five hundred.

However, I'll think on't and Sunday I'll look at all the gals in the meetin' house, and may be I can pitch upon one that I'd be willin' to try for."

Here the party broke up, and the trio retired to rest.

Perhaps there is not a class of people in the civilized world so uniformly contented and happy as the peasantry of New-England. They retire early to rest; their sleep is sweet; they rise early; and resume their accustomed avocations with smiling countenances—indexes of hearts unscathed by care. In the family of Zedekiah Raymond, however, this night formed a trifling exception.—The old lady's curiosity was more than ordinarily excited, as to whom Josey would select for her daughter-in-law. She canvassed, in her own mind the characters and apparent dispositions of every girl in the parish, and could think of but two whom she would like to see become members of her family. Would Josey chose either of them? This was a query which kept her awake till midnight. Zedekiah was at first a little restless, but soon "resolved," as Congressmen say, "to postpone till to-morrow" and fell a-sleep.

Not so with Joseph. Before he had been in bed five minutes he made a selection, fell asleep mechanically, and slept soundly till breakfast.

"Thère's nothing like taking time by the forelock," thought Josey. Acting on this principle, he did a good day's work at chopping wood before three o'clock in the afternoon; immediately after which time his mother's curiosity was more excited than ever, at finding him in the act of brushing the dust from his Sunday suit, polishing his boots, adjusting his hair before the looking-glass, and smoothing down his new napped hat with a silk handkerchief.

"What's in the wind, now Josey," inquired she, "that you're takin' all this trouble."

"Why, I'm goin' to singin' school."

She could say no more, but could not help thinking that she would like to know more about it.

While Josey is tackling old Dobbin into a beautiful *pung*, we must introduce our heroine to our readers. She was neither handsome nor homely, neither rich nor poor, but a plain industrious girl of seventeen, without either pride or ostentation; a girl whose sole ambition was to please all with whom she associated. In this she was uniformly successful, and thus, unwittingly, won the heart of many a swain. Such briefly, was Polly Bronson, whom Josey had resolved to woo.

It was scarcely dark, when our hero was seen tying old Dobbin to a stake in front of Squire Bronson's. A slight tap at the door with the but end of his sleigh whip elicited the usual answer of "walk in," and Joseph soon found himself by the Squire's fireside.

"Mrs. Bronson," said he, "will you let Polly go with me to singin' school to-night?"

I've no objection at all, Josey, if she's willin'."

No more was said; Polly blushed a little, but proceeded forthwith to prepare herself.

The moon shone brightly, and though scarcely a breath of wind was perceptible, the keen air of a January night, and a good road, seemed to Josey to give wings to old Dobbin, and he found himself at the school house before he could muster courage sufficient to say a dozen words to his companion.

"Confound the beast," thought he, "I never knew her to go so fast before; but I'll pay her for it to-morrow, when I get her hitched before the oxen to one of those big logs in the Tamarick swamp."

As the singing master had not arrived, Joseph proposed to extend their ride for a mile or two, to which Polly assented, and Dobbin took his usual gait, that is to say, at the rate of about two miles an hour.

After a common place conversation on "matters and things in general," Joseph changed the subject.

"Polly, I am going to ask you a particular and important question one o' these days; can you guess what it will be?"

'No, Josey, indeed I can't.'

'Daddy says we shall be provided for, and that I'm old enough——'

He hesitated.

'For what?'

'To—to—to settle down! Now don't you understand me?'

Polly did not answer this, but as Josey took her by the hand, he fancied that it trembled a little, and this gave him courage to proceed.

'You see, Polly,' says he, 'that I can help father to take care of the farm, and you can help mother about the house, and——'

'Let's return home, Joseph, I think I understand you now; but say no more of it at present.'

"Why, Polly, I didn't mean any offence; that's the last thing I'd thought of. But won't you let me call at the Squire's next Sunday night?"

"You know, Mr. Raymond that you are always welcome at our house; father and mother will always be glad to see you."

This was a damper. The singing school was forgotten, and not a word was uttered by either of them till they arrived at Squire Bronson's when Josey conducted Polly to the door, bade her "good night" and getting into his vehicle, gave Dobbin the rein and the whip notwithstanding which she moved in the imagination of Josey, as slow as a snail.

When he reached home, he found his parents, with their usual evening repast before them, waiting for his return. He declined joining them, excusing himself by saying that he "took enough last night to last him a week."

"Why, what's the matter, Josey? Did any thing go wrong at the singing school?"

"No, mother, but what I swallowed last night. At your request, I took something besides apples, nuts, and cider; and it lies heavy on my stomach yet."

By this time, old Zeddy began to think there was something in the wind that did not whistle. His good dame had told him all about the dressing up of Josey; the tackling of Dobbin into the pung; and Josey's assertion that he was only going to the

singing school. He more than half suspected that Joseph had been anticipating his proposed survey of the village belles in the meeting house, by taking his pick and choose at the school house; and that he had come off *minus*. In no other way could he account for Josey's unaccountable taciturnity. But he well knew that cross questioning would only make matters worse; and he persuaded Lucy to agree to abide the issue.

For the three intervening days between (and including) Friday and Sunday, Joseph said nothing to any one about his evening's excursion. In the meantime, however, he construed Polly's answer to his request, that he might call at her father's on Sunday evening, in a dozen different ways.

At length the expression "you are always welcome at our house," settled this part of the enigma. To say that her father and mother would "always be glad to see him," was intimating, in a modest way, that she, herself, would have no particular objections to his paying them an evening visit. "I'll go any how," thought he, "and if she says *no*, why '*no*' let it be."

In the mean time, Polly's mind was no less uneasy. She knew not what to do, or say, or think. In short, never having been *regularly wooed*, she had never seriously thought of matrimony. She considered, however, "that there was time enough yet," and concluded to be governed by circumstances.

Sunday night found Joseph at the Squire's. Polly had on her "best bib and tucker," and appeared to Joseph more lovely than ever. The Squire and his lady began to smell a rat, and left the young folks to themselves.

"Polly"—— this was all he could say; his heart rose to his mouth; he could have felt it with his finger; and its beat might have been heard across the room.

"What," inquired the blushing girl.

After calling to his relief all the courage he possessed, he resumed:

"Polly, you know what I told you t'other night?"

"Yes."

"Well, to cut matters short, there's no use in our burning up candles and firewood every night for a year; we've known each other ever since we were school children together; you understand me; now say yes, or no, and the question will be settled one way or t'other, and no more said about it."

"You are in a great hurry, Josey; I must ask father and mother about it; and you shall have an answer next Sunday night."

After half an hour's every day chit chat, and a few sweet kisses, (of course,) Joseph returned home, with his heart as light as a feather.

Old Zeddy and his dame were more anxious than ever to know how matters stood between Josey and the object of his choice; for as yet they were totally in the dark on the subject, although they were well aware from his uncommon elasticity of spirits when he entered the room, that *something* had been said to *somebody*. Who is this somebody? These were the old lady's favorites. But not a word could they get out of Joseph; he resolved to know the whole before they should know any thing.

Polly, with a flushed countenance and a beating heart, cautiously introduced the subject to her parents. "Wait a bit," said the Squire, don't do things too fast, Polly. This is a serious question. Don't confess judgment, but give him a trial, and non-suit him on the ground of his not having yet produced sufficient evidence. If he wishes a verdict in his favor, he will soon commence a new suit, and it will be time enough to confess judgment; provided he pays the costs."

The mother seconded this advice, and of course Polly was bound to follow it.

Our hero waited patiently till the next Sunday night, and ere it was dark, called on Polly for a yes or no.

"Joseph," said she, "I have thought of the thing pretty seriously; I cannot cherish a doubt as to your sincerity; and have concluded, with the advice of my parents, that I cannot do better than to"—

Joseph did not give her time to finish the sentence, but clasped her in his arms; hugged her till she could scarcely breathe; kiss her till her cheeks were as red as "shooting stars;" and hurried home to give the glad tidings to "daddy and mammy." After consulting for a long time as to what preparations should be made for the *in fair*, the small family of Zedekiah Raymond retired to rest, and for the first time in ten days, slept soundly.

Early the next morning Joseph repaired to the Squire's, and invited Polly to name the wedding day.

"The wedding day! What do you mean Josey?"
"Why, Polly, didn't you tell me last night that you thought 'twould be the best thing you could do"—

"To—*refuse* you. You did not let me finish my answer."

This was a *disappointment* with a witness! The outside door stood open, which saved Joseph some trouble in evacuating the premises. * * * *

Nancy Carter had long had an eye on Josey, and he knew it. "Any thing for revenge," thought he, and in less than two hours, having again tackled old Dobbin into the pung, he was seen passing the Squire's house, with Nancy at his elbow, looking as gay as lark. Polly saw it; the Squire saw it; the mother saw it. What was to be done? While the old folks were in secret confab, touching the matter in question, Polly held a consultation solus; which resulted in a determination no longer to trifle with what her father had already pronounced a serious affair, but to violate the arbitrary rules which custom had prescribed to females similarly situated. Pursuant to this resolution she addressed to Joseph the following note:

"Joseph—after a sudden and unexpected departure last evening, I found a handkerchief on the carpet, marked with your name. You can receive it by calling for it this evening. P. B."

It is scarcely necessary to add that this was another *disappointment*. He called, pursuant to an invitation, and *exchanged a WEDDING RING* for the *handkerchief*.

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.

This flourishing institution has been in operation about fourteen years. It was established, and has been sustained solely by the exertions, influence and talents of Mrs. Emma Willard. As it has now reached an elevation, both as regards the thoroughness of education there imparted and the number of pupils received, which entitles it to rank as the first Female Seminary in our Republic, we think our readers cannot but be gratified in learning somewhat of its history and management. It is, we believe, generally conceded by all intelligent men, that the minds and character of children are chiefly formed by the mother: we must therefore infer, that female education, is, or ought to be, a subject of the first importance; and though our legislatures have not yet taken it into consideration, yet it must surely encourage the hearts of the good and philanthropic, to understand what a woman, zealous in the cause of her sex and the moral improvement of society, can effect.

Mrs. Willard, before opening her school in Troy, had been engaged in the business of female education for several years, at Middlebury, Vt. She had thus an opportunity of observing the course of instruction pursued by the young men in the College there established, and comparing it with that usually imparted to females in the schools designed expressly for their benefit. The result on the mind of Mrs. W. was a conviction of the inadequacy of the systems of female education, as then pursued, to form the principles, and discipline the mind and heart for the duties of life. She resolved to extend the course of English studies, and teach some of those branches to her pupils, (mathematics and moral philosophy in particular,) which had hitherto been considered as belonging exclusively to the male department. In order to carry out and perfect this system, she removed to Waterford, N. Y., and afterwards to Troy. There she has since continued, laboring in the arduous vocation she had chosen, with a zeal and ability which could hardly fail of success.

She has succeeded. Her school is popular throughout the

country. Her pupils number over two hundred, of which, more than one hundred are boarders in her family ; and she has had to reject many applications, because she has not accommodations for more. And now let us see how this large institution is, by one presiding genius, managed and directed. We will first examine the government, as on this is depending much of the happiness of the pupils, and also the influence which forms their principles and characters.

Method of Government.

Since the institution of the Troy Female Seminary, there has never been the least appearance of rebellion against the authority. The utmost cordiality subsists between the teachers and the pupils, and especially between the Principal and every branch of the establishment. The cause of this harmony is not merely in the superior tact of the Principal and Teachers, but its foundation is in a good system of government and an impartial administration.

The great difficulty usually experienced in literary institutions, of the under teachers being considered as spies and informers, and in fact the whole body of officers, as a kind of enemy, against whom stratagem, if not violence, is a mark of spirit in the pupil, is here met by an arrangement, the excellence of which experience has tested. It is this. There is given (according to the republican spirit of our country) to the pupils themselves a share in the government. The officer of the day is a pupil, and all, unless they have in some way shown themselves incompetent, (which disgrace very seldom occurs,) are, in their turns, officer of the day. They are expected to discharge this highest duty of a pupil with a proper sense of its dignity and importance, which they are to manifest by their dress and discreet behavior, their strict impartiality in marking all offenders against the rules, and their diligence in seeing that good order is preserved.

When the whole school assembles, the officers of the day (one for the boarding and one for the day school) take their places with the teachers. Disrespect to these officers is made a prime offence ; they receive six marks, which go to their credit on the general conduct list, if they discharge their duty perfectly well ; but if it can be shown that an officer has neglected to

mark an offender, she loses one credit herself. The marks given by the officers are read in full school at evening prayers, and the individuals marked have an opportunity to show cause, if any they have, why the marks given, should not go against them on the conduct list, which is to be read in public the last day of the term. The officer of the week, who is one of the teachers, is the judge, (there being always an appeal to the Principal,)—she makes these marks into a general report, and assigns the officers of the day their credit, to be presented to the Principal at the teachers' meeting, which is always held every Friday evening. This meeting has received from the pupils the significant name of the *inquisition*, for inquiry is here made into their acts and doings for the week. The Principal is thus enabled to adapt her Saturday's lecture to the moral wants and feelings of her pupils ; to express her approbation in whole or part, and to address them under the heads of industry, courteousness, sobriety or veracity, as the case may require.

If they have passed through the week without any palpable offences, and with a good degree of order and industry, then the Principal assigns them a general *credit*, which she writes in the book of the teachers' reports. For any disorder in which a number of the pupils are implicated, or where the offenders are not known, the Principal, after full consideration and much solemnity, orders a general *fault mark* of the whole school, which is recorded in the same manner. But this account is so managed as to keep the balance always on the side of the general credits. The system would otherwise operate unjustly on the good—with this caution, it cannot. Suppose you keep an account with a person where there is not really any debt or credit, he might justly complain if he found you had charged him nine dollars, but if he learned that you had credited him ten, so that one remained, of this imaginary account, to go in his favor to his real one, he would have cause to be satisfied.

This system of general marks was originated by Mrs. Willard, from the consideration that the Almighty, whose government as well as his works, is perfect, deals with his moral creatures, in part as individuals, and in part as communities. Such a government, then, must be adapted to their nature. Under this law a man must suffer disgrace, not only for his own crimes and follies, but also, though in a less degree, for those of his family, say his brothers or sisters. This man, therefore, has

an interest to keep his brothers and sisters in the ways of virtue. They know that he has, and they do not consider it, as with a stranger, an impertinent interference with their affairs, when he warns and counsels them. Again, his brothers and sisters are honored by his good behavior, and from this common interest in the whole stock of virtue and talent belonging to the family, they regard his honor not with envy and malignity, but with pride and pleasure.

Mrs. Willard's success has shown, that a system of general credits and general faults, managed with judgment and caution, will do much towards putting the pupils of a school on this footing of a family arrangement. It is the opposite of the system of exciting individual emulation, which in her seminary is entirely discarded. No credit marks, or premiums, or rewards of any kind, are given for superior scholarship. The *conduct list* is the summation and balance for the term of *faults*, being violations of known and established rules, and *credits* for the vigilant performance of the duties of officer of the day, the general credits, and those given for a few other specified performances, such as taking notes of one sermon on each Sabbath. In short, the government of this school is based on the principle of making it a moral discipline, where none are called to an account for not possessing what nature denied them, the power to acquire ; but where all are incited to improve the talents committed to them, because thus to do is their duty.

Studies pursued.

The foundation of a good education for our people must be laid in the knowledge of English studies. Mrs. Willard has provided amply for this department. An extensive course of arithmetic, and an accurate knowledge of geography and history, (the latter illustrated by maps and drawings made by the pupils,) are among the studies of the first two years. The last year, if the pupil has been regularly educated here, is devoted to the following studies in English: Natural Philosophy with mathematical investigations—text books ; Enfield's Institutes, Olmstead's Mechanics, the whole of Euclid's Geometry, and nearly the whole of Day's Algebra. They study, also, the first three volumes of Stuart's Philosophy of the Mind, Combe's Phrenology, and Wayland's Moral Philosophy.

Great attention is paid, throughout the whole period of instruction, in teaching the French language, to those pupils who pursue this branch, which usually includes half the school. Mrs. Willard brought with her, from Paris, a young lady, on whose character, talents and qualifications she could rely, in order to have the pronunciation of the French taught with correctness and elegance. During the course, the classes in French pursue several studies in this language,—History, Rhetoric, Natural Philosophy, and Botany : in the two last, they translate the English works on the sciences into French, and the recitations are in French also.

The Latin and Italian languages are likewise taught ; but the number who pursue these studies is not large, though Mrs. W. approves the study of the Latin for young ladies, or, at least, she says that when receiving her pupils at fourteen or fifteen years old, (the age which she prefers,) with the understanding that they are to go through what she considers her systematic course, she prefers them to have studied the Latin grammar well, rather than to have been instructed in Philosophy, Botany, &c. A thorough course of instruction for the pupil, who is well prepared to take up the studies, occupies about three years.

The education of a young lady now-a-days, can hardly be considered provided for, unless she have the advantage of learning music. In the Troy Seminary this branch is taught extensively and scientifically. First-rate teachers of the piano, guitar, and harp, are employed ; and some idea of the numbers which learn music may be inferred from the fact, that *fourteen pianos* in the establishment, are in almost constant requisition. Quite a number of young ladies are here fitted to become teachers of music, and go into families (at the South particularly) and schools in that capacity, on very liberal salaries. Drawing is an accomplishment much attended to in this school ; and painting, both in water colors and oils, is taught with skill and taste. Dancing, as an exercise to promote health and gracefulness of movement, is practised under the direction of an accomplished lady, whose office it is to superintend, particularly, the manners of the pupils. But a constant controlling power is held over all by the Principal, who never fails to direct the attention of the young ladies to the true object of their accomplishments—that of setting their virtues in a fairer light. She faithfully teaches them the high and holy duties which their en-

dowments and acquirements, will devolve on them ; and that, without piety of heart and purity of sentiment, all this outward grace, this refinement of taste and cultivation of intellect, will never secure to them true happiness, nor the affections of those with whom they are connected, nor the hope that lifts the dying soul to heaven.

Examination.

There are two public examinations held during the year—one in February, when the first term closes ; the other commences the last Tuesday in July, and continues eight days. This is the annual examination, and usually draws together, as spectators, the parents and friends of the young ladies, from every part of the country. We had the pleasure of being present at the last examination ; and at that time gathered the information we have been detailing, and that which we shall proceed to record.

It is a pleasant sight to look on the young ladies when assembled in the Examination Hall. This apartment is spacious and convenient, being about forty feet in length and thirty in width. It is entered by folding-doors from the east, and the young ladies are ranged along the west side, on seats rising above each other, like those in the Masonic Hall. In the centre of the room is a long low table, with a curtain depending in front. Behind this, on the lowest seat of the range, sit the class to be examined, the table answering the purpose of a rest for the black boards to be exhibited, of which, in many of the classes, each pupil has one. Immediately in front of the table sits the Principal, with a teacher beside her, (each teacher examines the class she has taught,) and behind, on each side of the entrance, rows of seats, similar to those for the pupils, are arranged for the spectators. At the left, or south end of the Hall, the music is placed ; here on a raised platform is a piano, harp, guitar, &c., arranged in a manner which affords the best facilities to the performers and audience.

The examination which we attended, was conducted in a manner which afforded us deep gratification, not so much because of the excellence of the performances, as from the perfect order of the school, and the quiet, unassuming manners and graceful propriety of the young ladies, while displaying

such acquisitions in knowledge, as often make the 'lords of creation' proud.

The examinations are so managed, that every class is heard through the whole studies pursued during the term, different portions being assigned for different days. The class in French, for example, was called up three or four times during the eight days. Between the recitations of each class there is music, on the piano or harp, often accompanied by the voices of some of the pupils. There are several exquisite singers among them. A composition, from some one of the young ladies, is occasionally read, to vary the proceedings, which, if we may judge by the number of spectators attending, are never thought deficient in interest.

There is another peculiarity in the manner of examining, which we deem worth describing. It has been mentioned, that a long low table is placed before the pupils ; here those who are reciting stand, as being more respectful to the visitors. Sometimes the whole class are requested by their teacher, to rise together, and a quick succession of questions is given, requiring short answers ; but usually, two stand (especially when an analysis is to be given) together, as less embarrassing to the young ladies, the first having recited sits down, and another rises, and so on. In the recitation of Algebra, each young lady comes with a black board, (about two feet square :) one is directed to exhibit the Algebraic signs, another to give examples in addition, another in subtraction, &c. Thus, every young lady in the class is busy, as well as the one reciting. They are frequently directed, after making out their own examples, to change their boards, that others may explain the operation, thus making one process test the knowledge of two pupils. The table before them is so low, that a young lady of ordinary height can look over her board as she rests it, thus avoiding the awkwardness of posture incident to exhibiting on large black boards, fixed against the wall. The boards can likewise be kept in proper order ; and there will, usually, be something in the manner to mark the characteristics of the feminine sex, unalterable by any process of education, and which no judicious educator will seek to alter.

A woman naturally thinks about appearances: she should thus think, and, even in her pursuits of knowledge, she should never be indifferent to elegance and grace of manner.

In Mental and Moral Philosophy, the recitations were very interesting. To these subjects the last two hours of the day were usually devoted. The subject given to each young lady, generally occupies her about fifteen or twenty minutes' continuous speaking, thus testing, not only her knowledge of her author, but the clearness of her own mind, in the perspicuity with which she has seized and arranged the author's arguments, and the purity of her taste by the choice of illustrations. General questions are given to the whole class, promiscuously, and gentlemen present were requested in this study, as in all the Mathematical ones, to examine the pupils on any part of the course introduced, and this is frequently done; for notwithstanding the liberal concessions now made to female intellect, still the men have a lurking suspicion, that the learning which a female possesses must be superficial.

Among other distinguished visitors, during the last examination, the Rev. Messrs. Cox and Hoby were present, one day. They availed themselves of the invitation of Mrs. Willard, and examined the classes in Mathematics and Philosophy for themselves. It was apparent that they had never before seen a young lady demonstrate a problem in Euclid, or heard an analysis of Stewart's Philosophy from other than masculine lips. They were minute and searching in their questions, but the pupils solved every problem, and answered every query, with readiness and promptitude. The Rev. gentlemen made no remarks at the time, but we understand that they expressed, in private, their astonishment, as well as gratification, at the proficiency of the young ladies, and their conviction, that there was not a Female School in England, where the higher branches of mental education were thus thoroughly taught.

The exercises of each day of the examination are closed by a piece of sacred music ; thus rendering praise to the God of the spirit, who has given us minds capable of such improvement.

Domestic Training—Manners, Morals and Health.

One of the greatest evils of a boarding-school education, is, that it separates mental improvement from domestic knowledge. The pupil is apt to imbibe the idea, that the latter is only comprised, in common or vulgar notions, which it is almost beneath

an intelligent young lady to understand. This evil cannot be entirely removed, by any private establishment for female education. We need incorporated schools, with endowments sufficient to allow of a course of instruction in domestic duties, partly by lectures, and partly by actual process. We have no books on Housekeeping as a science, and yet one half of our population are expected to understand it, and the other half are dependent on the manner in which it is understood and discharged, for their daily comforts and their most durable happiness.

Mrs. Willard is scrupulous to promote, among her pupils, home-loving sentiments, and to impress their minds with the idea, that their genius, learning and accomplishments, are a sacred trust which they must devote to the improvement and happiness of domestic and social life:—and, more than this, Mrs. W. has combined, as far as it could be done in her establishment, the practice with the precept. Every two pupils have an apartment together, and it is their duty to keep this in order—the inspection is rigid, and every indication of carelessness is noticed and reported. Many of these young ladies are from the rich families of the South, and never, till they entered this school, had their lily hands been laid on the broom and duster ; but they soon appear to enjoy these new duties as privileges.

Every Wednesday afternoon all the young ladies assemble in the Hall, each with her needle-work. After the reading of a few select pieces or compositions, Mrs. Willard, who always presides at this assembly, gives them a familiar lecture on those duties which, as women, they *must* be prepared to perform, and particularly inculcates all those feminine proprieties, which give grace to manners and loveliness to virtue.

The household of Mrs. Willard is large, now comprising about one hundred and sixty persons. The whole domestic labor is done within the establishment. One woman has the charge of the bakery, and to her tuition a certain number (twelve, we believe,) of the young ladies are consigned, in rotation, every Saturday afternoon. Here they are initiated in the mysteries of pastry and cake-making ; and many hints of useful knowledge they doubtless obtain, from this worthy woman of the bread department, whose domain was, when we visited it, as neat as any Shaker would have desired.

Every Saturday afternoon Mrs. Willard devotes to the moral instruction of her pupils. After the doings of the week are all adjusted, she gives them a lecture, purposely prepared to suit the state of mind and feeling which she finds, from the report of the teachers, to prevail. The important and solemn obligations which their talents and privileges impose on them to their parents, to society, and to God, are set before them with those earnest and affectionate appeals, which the young heart can seldom resist. The Sabbath is sacredly observed—besides attending public worship, the young ladies receive instruction in their religious duties, from the Principal.

The health of females always requires particular attention, and many mothers, on this account, hesitate about sending their young daughters from them. They certainly ought not to place them where there is any reason to believe that their health will be neglected. What amount of knowledge can compensate for a ruined constitution, and the wayward temper which usually accompanies physical weakness in youth ? Mrs. Willard has endeavored to guard against these evils. In the first place, her table is generously furnished with good food, (we had the pleasure of partaking it nearly a fortnight,) and a lunch of plain bread is always permitted to any pupil who wishes it ; for, as Mrs. W. rationally observes, there is little danger that any person will eat bread to excess, and if the appetite can be gratified with this treat, the constitution certainly requires the nourishment. That system of starvation so often and truly complained of in boarding schools, which, besides seriously injuring the constitution of the pupils, is productive of much mischief and serious moral evils, has never disgraced this Seminary. And the healthy, happy looking faces of the young ladies, attest the good effects of this generous system.

In the second place, particular care is taken to promote cheerfulness and good feelings among the pupils, and exercises in walking and callisthenics are attended to.

But perhaps the best arrangement is this : there is employed in the establishment an experienced nurse, whose sole business it is, to watch over the health of the young ladies, instruct them how to take care of themselves, and attend to their earliest complaints of indisposition. This worthy woman, who has held her station for more than twelve years, is called *Mama* by all the pupils ; and that tender appellation and her tender

care secures for her their love and confidence, which, doubtless, goes far to make her prescriptions so efficacious, that the physician is seldom called, and not a death has occurred, since the institution was founded. Mrs. W. considers this office of such importance, that, whenever *Mama* is, from any cause, unable to perform its duties, she assumes it herself.

General Remarks.

We write not to extol the merits of Mrs. Willard, but to give a plain unvarnished account of the Seminary she has founded. She needs no eulogies but to have her course *truly* set forth ; and it is in this spirit of doing *justice* only which impels us to remark, that every study pursued in her school, except the Latin language, has been in the first instance taught by herself. She was thus enabled to observe the effect of the arrangement of the subjects on the minds of her pupils, and where she found the books prepared for schools, either obscure or deficient, she has labored to supply what was wanting. And that she has been successful, the publications which have emanated from her institution conclusively show. Her ‘ Republic of America,’ is a text-book of History in our schools, and her Geography (we say *hers*, because the plan of ‘ Woodbridge and Willard’s Geography,’ was first matured and taught in her Seminary,) is one of the most popular in the country.

Her views have been well seconded by her sister, Mrs. Phelps, formerly Vice Principal in the Troy Seminary. It was there that her ‘ Lectures on Botany,’ and ‘ Lectures to Young Ladies,’ were both prepared. A new work from Mrs. Willard has just been printed—‘ A System of Universal History in Perspective,’ with a Chronological Map of Nations on an original plan, and one which we think will afford new facilities to the teacher of History as well as to the learner. These works have been the result of the method of teaching, which Mrs. W. at first adopted, namely, to test old authorities, and improve on existing plans. She has thus done more than build up her own institution. She has contributed to the improvement of our systems of education. And is not this worthy of praise ?

The result of the combined influence of the government, moral training, and original teaching, on the pupils of Troy Seminary, has been very happy. The young ladies there educat-

ed, are, almost without exception, devotedly attached to Mrs. W., and cherish the remembrance of their residence in her family, as one of the pleasantest passages in their book of life. More than two thousand young ladies have been instructed here, and not an instance has occurred, of the dismissal of a pupil, for incorrect or incorrigible behavior: Among the beneficial influences of this school, we must not forget the teachers it has furnished. From fifteen to twenty young ladies are sent forth every year, usually to the South and West, and many more might have employment. Then the teachers in the Troy Seminary, more than twenty in number, have nearly all been educated by Mrs. Willard. Ought not an institution, which has thus tested its usefulness, to be sustained by public benefactions? Unless it be incorporated and endowed, before the present Principal withdraws, it will undoubtedly decay, and the system which, with such care and labor, she has established, will be destroyed.

There was lately raised at Buffalo, in the space of four days, \$260,000, to found a College for young men, when there are already 79 incorporated Colleges and Universities for males, in the United States, and not a single Protestant incorporated and endowed Female Seminary in our land. Men of America, shall this neglect of the daughters of your country be perpetual?

We give in this number a lithographic view of Troy Seminary. The edifice is of brick, the main building being 130 feet long, and forty in breadth, and, including the basement, five stories in height. There is a gallery in the rear, connecting to the main edifice another brick building, 50 feet in length, 30 in width, and three stories in height. The Park, in front of the Seminary, is a beautiful green, and handsomely enclosed. The Seminary buildings and grounds belong to the city; and it deserves respectful notice, that the people of Troy have, generally, been zealous in the cause of female education, and seconded, with pride, the efforts of Mrs. Willard; but the work is not yet half accomplished.

VISION OF THE FUTURE.

‘WHAT will be the state of society in America two centuries hence, when a thousand or more millions of civilized men will probably inhabit that continent? Nearly all social improvements spring from the reciprocal influence of condensed numbers and diffused intelligence — the Americans will possess a wonderful advantage over the dwellers in the old world, for in the new, the immense mass of human beings will speak only two languages! Such a state of things may be said to undo the curse of Babel, and restore the great mass of mankind to their pristine facility of intercourse.

‘History shows that wealth, power, science, literature all follow in the train of numbers, general intelligence and freedom. The same causes which transfer the sceptre of civilization from the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile to Western Europe, must, in the course of no long period, carry it from the latter to the plains of the Mississippi and the Amazon.

‘If any one suspects us of drawing on our fancy, we would just request him to examine the condition and past progress of the North American Republic — let him look at its amazing strides in wealth, intelligence, and social improvements; at its indestructible liberty, and, above all, at the prodigious growth of its population: and let him answer the question to himself — What power can stop the tide of civilization which is pouring from this single source over an unoccupied world?’ — *Edin. Phren. Jour.*

ORIGINAL.

W A L T E R C O N W A Y .

A leaf from the recollections of an old man.

THERE are no impressions which retain so permanent a possession of the mind as those which are formed in early manhood, ere the giddy and distracting cares and pleasures of the world have blunted its sensibility, and hackneyed its powers; and when the heart preceding the judgment, takes our sympathies captive, ere we can analyze our sensations or the subject which produced them. This period of my life was principally passed amidst the beautiful scenery of the south of England; and, in addition to the recollection of the natural beauties which constantly arrested my young attention, my memory frequently recalls the impressions of persons and events which at that time deeply and powerfully interested my feelings. At this period, I casually formed an acquaintance with an individual to whom I felt myself strongly and irresistibly linked, and whose melancholy history frequently recurs to my mind even at this distance of time.

About two miles from the mouth of the River Teign, in Devonshire, there is a sweet spot called Coombe, which was always my favorite walk during my residence in the neighborhood; it is a small cove, with a thick wood shelving down to the water's edge; on ascending the wood through a series of tortuous paths, a most beautiful prospect presents itself; the sea, with its glancing waves studded with the white sails of fishing boats, and here and there the stately form of a larger vessel monarch-like breasting the waves. Inland, the eye roved over the rich and varied landscape through which the arrowy Teign meanders in its devious course from the distant hills of cloudy blue. In the paths of this sequestered wood, it was my wont to wander, and frequently did I linger there for hours together, lulled by the mingled murmur of the leaves, and the sigh of the distant waves breaking on the beach, into that dreamy half-conscious repose, in which the imaginative mind delights to revel. In these walks, I frequently encountered the young man to whose singularly melancholy history I have alluded. Book in hand, and seemingly bent on the same purposeless reveries as myself, he passed by me more than once with a side-long look, that half-invited, and half-forbade conversation—he interested me, and I should finally have accosted him, even had I not perceived these intimations. He was apparently about twenty-two, slightly and delicately formed; his countenance was of a most intellectual cast, and, though expressive, was endued with an almost statue-like repose. His complexion was delicate and transparently fair, but it was the beauty of decay—yet such was the fire of his eye, and the flush of enthusiasm that would at times suffuse his cheek, that it seemed impossible to imagine such a being *could die*.

We soon became intimate, and many and delightful were the communings which we held together, with pleasure heightened by the influence of congenial tastes and feelings. We had not been long

acquainted ere I found that his walks were sometimes accompanied by a young and lovely girl; she was a very Hebe, for her beauty was of that soft and lightsome cast which seems formed under the balmy airs of the South—moreover, affection and warm-heartedness beamed from her eye, guileless purity dwelt in her smiles—with what tender admiration would she listen to the faint, yet eloquent tones of his voice, as he poured forth the stores of a mind, fraught with poetic light, strong in intellectual power, and overflowing with kindly feeling.

WALTER CONWAY was an only child, and an orphan; after having received a liberal education at a private school, he was placed by his guardians at Oxford, where his zealous and assiduous application to study had undermined his health, and impaired an originally weak constitution, in order to renovate which, he retreated to the salutary shores of Devon, and took up his abode at the house of Mr. Ashford, a poor, but most respectable and industrious farmer. It is a pretty cottage, at the end of the wood, a quiet and lonely spot—there are no pretensions about the place, none of the modern affectations of “*ferme ornee*” rusticity; but its moss-grown roof, its neatly whitewashed walls, and its ample porch clustered over with ivy, roses, and myrtle, gave it an air of real, picturesque beauty—such were its externals; it was the residence of content, simplicity and goodness.

Here Walter received all those kind and affectionate attentions which are so soothing to the spirits of an invalid; they were principally administered to him by Ellen, the only daughter of the farmer; to her native beauty, which I have feebly essayed to shadow forth, she added unaffected goodness of heart, and her parents had bestowed on her a sound and excellent education, the only portion they could give her.

In constant communion with such a creature, and constantly receiving from her hands, the pure and disinterested offerings of benevolence, it was no wonder that Walter, a warm-hearted and susceptible character should entertain no small degree of gratitude and admiration for his young nurse, and which finally assumed the guise of a more tender passion. He loved her, and his affection was returned, the more so, because he needed the sweet offices of love; for it is the nature of woman to bestow her affections where they are most needed, her devotedness yearns to bind up the breaking heart, or wreck her whole happiness in the venture.

Shortly after the commencement of my acquaintance with Conway, it came to his ears that the tongue of slander had been at work, misconstruing the attentions paid him by Ellen; his generous heart knew but one course to avert its sting from her bosom and her parent's—he determined immediately to make her his wife. I was present at the ceremony of his marriage;—and a more melancholy

scene it has never been my lot to witness. It seemed as though death hovered over us, and that the black shadow of his wings was thickening around our path—the flowers which decked our bosoms faded long ere their wont—the smile deserted our dances, and made them a silent, flitting, mockful pageant of joy. None spoke of death, yet all seemed to know that his cold hand was fast stealing towards him, in whose happiness and life our hopes were centered, and who seemed to be grasping at a bliss which he was but to attain for a moment, and then vanish forever from among us. How painful it was to view the struggle of the fond lovers to throw off the inevitable gloom which hung upon their spirits, to encourage each other with a hopeful smile, and in the semblance of a bridal to disguise the fear of coming desolation—it would not do; tears there were none, but there was the wan and melancholy smile, the involuntary sigh, the long, unbidden silence—was this a bridal?

Walter gradually became worse and worse; I need not attempt to depict the mournful progress of his decay, nor to say how tenderly she watched him, and how her hopes, buoyed up by her love, were yet high and lovely when all around her were sunk in the gloomy certainty of death. One morning, I went over much earlier than usual; he had passed a sleepless night, and was flushed, and very feverish—he looked in my face, and then at Ellen, and then his eye glanced round upon the room and the appliances of comfort wherewith her tender care had furnished it; his countenance spoke of gratitude and love unutterable, and a tear streamed down his hectic cheek. The casement was open, and he was drawn towards it on a couch, the morning sun shone brightly, the soft breezes seemed to bear healing on their perfumed wings, and the gay notes of birds swelled joyously from every bough—he looked out upon the scene, and then at us—a tear trembled in his steadfast eye—he grasped my hand with his tremulous palm which grew cold even as I held it—and drawing his wife closer to his bosom with a look of heavenly and inexpressible tenderness, whispering, “God bless you!” his pure spirit passed away.

Whilst his corse remained within the house, whilst she could watch over his cold remains, and read the lineaments of his beloved countenance,

“Before decay’s effacing fingers,
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers,”

Ellen was comparatively calm, but when the grave had shut him out from her sight forever, the pent-up grief of her soul burst forth with tenfold force. Who shall describe the agonized workings of her heart, or paint the cold aspect of despair in which she wandered about, a heart-stricken creature, sinking under the infliction of the heaviest woe the human heart can suffer—that grief—

“Beyond all other griefs, when fate”
“First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,”
“In the wide world without that only tie”
“For which it loved to live, or fear’d to die,”
“Lorn as the hung up lute which ne’er hath spoken,
“Since the sad day its master chord was broken”—

Shortly after the occurrence of these painful events, I was obliged to leave the neighborhood; and I de-

parted, full of anxious forebodings of the fate of the lovely and hapless being, who had thus witnessed the wreck of her cherished fabric of hope and love. It was not until the succeeding spring that I could visit the place, and I found my worst anticipations realized—poor Ellen slept by her husband’s side. After my leaving, she gradually sank into the settled melancholy of a broken heart, roaming about, and sitting for hours together in the places he used to delight in—sometimes wandering down to the sea-beach, listening among the rocky caves, to the ceaseless roar of the billows—then she would return, frequently not until morning had nearly dawned, and sit and weep in the chamber where her poor Walter breathed his last.

On a gloomy evening in November, she stole out unnoticed, the night came on dark and stormy, and she was no where to be found. In the morning, at low water, they searched along the cliffs, and there, in one of their wave-worn recesses, she was found as in a tranquil sleep. Whether the cold and the storm had overcome her or whether she had been drowned, they knew not. I think her heart was broken—and now the hapless pair repose where mortal change and mortal sorrow can visit them no more. Peace to their spirits.

J. N.

Yes and No.

In the circle of the languages there do not exist any terms half so emphatic as the two short words which express unlimited assent and absolute refusal. Yes and No, besides the universal joy or indignation which their use in the Senate Chamber so frequently excites throughout the community have had a far greater influence than all the eloquence in the world, in raising and depressing the spirits of individuals in private life. How many men's fortunes depend upon them! and how soon is the sentence pronounced! Their very brevity indicates the intensity of their meaning; and they are easily said, they should never be uttered without mature deliberation; like the last grains in the scale, which turn the balance, and are therefore added with greater circumspection than all the rest, so these final and decisive monosyllables should never be employed without the utmost degree of caution. If the rich man, who has granted a favor to the needy, knew the warmth of gratitude which glows in the heart that blesses him—the joy that relumes the sunken eye, when his own presence is no longer felt as a restraint—the elasticity of step with which the supplicant hastens home to acquaint those nearest and dearest to him with his success, and the genuine happiness which is thereby diffused among a family whom it rescues from misery; and if that wealthy individual who has rejected a poor man's suit were only aware of the anguish of soul which he inflicts, if he witnessed the slow and irresolute step with which the disappointed petitioner retraces his way home—if he saw the sick wife raise herself from her pallet of rags to learn their fate, and, on its announcement, heard her exclamation, as she fell back upon the bed, of "O my poor child!"—if the great were acquainted with all this, and well considered it, there would surely be less hard-heartedness and less misery in the world, unless it be that there are souls on whom the dews of pity produce no more effect than drops of rain which falls on rocks of impenetrable granite.

Yet even the wealthiest cannot be expected to grant every demand upon their bounty; nor is everyone who comes with a doleful story in his mouth a fit object of benevolence. Such as are the most forward and fluent in making their misfortunes, are often least deserving of pity, their

chief want being the want of virtue and industry. The caution that is necessary before rejecting a petition, therefore is equally indispensable before granting it. Many a man has been ruined, simply because he could not say No; a worthless character comes to him with a plausible story of distress, and being of a disposition too indolent to doubt, because doubt might involve him in inquiry, and wishing to get rid of the fellow's importunity, he yields all that is asked.

The benefactor is hereupon overwhelmed with profuse thanks; but far from feeling the smallest portion of gratitude, the person obliged laughs in his sleeve, and entertains nothing but contempt for a man who allows himself to be so easily and so egregiously outwitted. From the world at large, this undistinguishing liberality procures abundance of applause: "He is one of the most amiable, condescending, and generous gentlemen in the country," is the common remark; "others will grant a favor occasionally, but they have so many questions to ask, and so many doubts to be resolved, as if people were all liars and imposters together!" The more prudent look upon him only as a simpleton; but vain were every endeavor to give him more correct views, until the time arrives when his resources are exhausted, and his ruin complete. Of a man like this, the best that can be said, perhaps is, that he acted from thoughtlessness—an extenuation of guilt, be it remarked, to which delinquents of every sort have an equal claim; for what else but want of proper reflection makes any one rush into guilt and misery?

Thus we see that he who never confers a benefit, and he who never refuses, as long as he is able to grant, do equally little good to the really deserving poor. The former gives to nobody, and the latter to none but the worthless; for no conscientious individual, seeing the manner in which he is preyed upon, will bear to have himself numbered among such a shameless and unprincipled pack of suitors. In one respect the spendthrift is a much worse member of society than his neighbor the scrub. The latter deprives one man of his legal due; but the former both renders himself unable to pay his just debts, and deprives his family of support.

We see, also, that a judicious use of the insignificant looking particles Yes and No, is alike of vital importance to the man who employs them, and to him who anxiously awaits their decision. The manner of using them, likewise, is of a little importance. "A No from some," says a very acute Spanish writer (Gratian, "is better received than a Yes from others; because a No, seasoned with civility, gives more satisfaction than an ungracious Yes. There are people who have always a No in their mouth; No is uniformly their first answer; and though afterwards they consent to every thing, they obtain no credit. One should never refuse flatly, but allow his denial to fall, and to be tasted, by small drops, so to speak. Neither should one refuse every thing, but, on the contrary, always leave some resting place for hope to sweeten the bitterness of disappointment. To take time to consider, and thus postpone a refusal, often tends to soften its harshness: for when the first fervour of desire is over, a rejection of the suit is heard with greater indifference.

R. H.